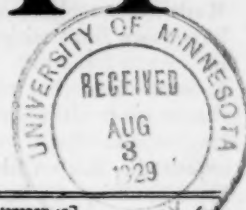


THE SATURDAY REVIEW



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NOTES OF THE WEEK

MR. ARTHUR HENDERSON announced in the House of Commons this week that he had invited the Russian Government to send a representative to London "to discuss the most expeditious procedure for reaching a settlement of all outstanding questions." Apparently, however, the moderation—one might almost say "hesitation"—shown by the British Government over this question has so riled Moscow that the Soviet Government have decided to put forward their own conditions before resuming diplomatic relations with this country. The situation in Manchuria has meanwhile become so grave that the reply to Mr. Henderson's invitation will probably depend upon the degree to which it is felt British counsels of moderation would be effective in China. We cannot believe that Stalin is anxious to use his Red Army against the Chinese and White Russians of Manchuria.

The Sino-Russian dispute is interesting as an illustration of the fact that Bolshevist Russia is just as anxious to maintain its outlet on the Pacific as was the Russia of the Tsars. The

Chinese Eastern Railway was built a generation ago mainly with money advanced by the Russian Government, and although part of the railway was ceded to Japan after the Russo-Japanese War, some two-thirds remained entirely under Russian control until the Bolshevist Revolution. Between 1917 and 1924 its history was chequered; for some time it was controlled by an International Board headed by an American general. In 1924, China recognized the Russian Government and the railway came under their joint control, while the Soviet authorities, in their desire to show how little they had in common with the Imperialist nations, disclaimed extra-territoriality for Russian citizens working in the administration. Their resentment that upwards of a thousand of their nationals should now have been arrested, and that they should in other respects have been treated worse than any other foreign Power with interests in China, can therefore easily be understood.

It may be taken for granted that neither China nor Russia, at the present moment, could well afford a war, especially a war in which Japan would inevitably be involved. It has to be remembered that there are 750,000 Japanese subjects in Manchuria, and over 1,200 miles of Japanese rail-

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way. The new Minseito Government in Tokio is by its traditions favourable to China, but not, we imagine, to a China which, having deprived Russians of their share in the Chinese Eastern Railway, may proceed to take over railroads that have been built with Japanese capital for the benefit of Japanese colonists. Nanking and Moscow fear the intervention of Tokio, and for that reason their interchange of notes has been less brutal than might otherwise have been expected. Both China and Russia, however, are in difficulties at home, and there remains the danger that they will follow the time-honoured precedent of Western Europe and try to get out of these difficulties by starting a foreign war. This danger is particularly great in the case of China, since the Chinese soldiers involved would be the followers of Yen Shi-san and Chang Hsueh-liang, whose idle armies are a constant source of anxiety to the Nationalist Government.

Mr. Thomas is by no means a man to be girded at. He has character, capacity, a refreshing opportunism. He can see openings when the doctrinaires of Labour shut their eyes. But we can hardly congratulate him on his first exposition of his development policy. In part, he was too reticent; in part, needlessly obscure. It is only under persistent questioning that the scope of that policy has been made clear by him. We now know that, over and above the rather tame proposals formally put forward during the debate on the Address, Mr. Thomas requires unlimited powers to subsidize public utility undertakings. The only checks provided are that the undertakings must be recommended to the Treasury by the Government Department appropriate to the case and by a committee of business men. The House of Commons is side-tracked. It can applaud or condemn the subsidies after the event, but it is to have no previous cognizance of them and no power to fix a limit to the total of such subsidies.

Against this slowly discovered policy two criticisms have been directed, the one constitutional, the other economic. To us it seems that the former has much force, the latter very little. It is notorious that the practical control which the House of Commons enjoys over finance has dwindled dangerously, and it is impossible not to sympathize with those critics who resent any further diminution of it. But the economic objection is not weighty. Theoretically, it is wrong to discriminate between public utility undertakings and the basic industries, but in practice, given a Minister with the common sense usually displayed by Mr. Thomas and his natural bias in favour of the railways, we do not think we need fear much. Many of the basic industries will benefit by anything which enables the railways to develop. On the irony of a Socialist propping-up private enterprise while Conservatives assail him we need not insist. Mr. Thomas, who does not lack humour and who sits loose to theory, probably relishes it as much as anyone. The one anxiety is lest, in his zeal, he should commit the taxpayer too heavily.

The Government are pushing forward at once with their schemes of Colonial development. On Wednesday, the second reading of the Bill to

provide a fund for guaranteeing interest on loans for overseas development works was passed without a division. The Bill provides that the Treasury may make advances, either by loan or grant to the government of any colony or territory to which the Bill applies, "for the purpose of aiding and developing agriculture and industry and thereby promoting commerce with, or industry in, the United Kingdom." Methods of development include improvement of equipment and transport; expansion of harbours, fisheries and forestry; drainage, and improvement of water supply and water power; scientific research, and other projects. The Development Fund for this purpose is to amount to a million pounds a year for ten years, and is to be administered by the responsible Minister (the Treasury) with the help of an advisory committee of five or six members who according to Mr. Thomas are to be "men of eminence in finance and industry." Apart from a point raised by Lord Eustace Percy that the Bill makes the Treasury for the first time a spending Department, there is nothing Conservatives can object to in these proposals. In certain respects the Labour Government seem bent on doing what more go-ahead Conservatives would have liked the late Government to do. It is only common sense to develop the Colonies and by so doing to stimulate employment at home. Mr. Thomas has promised, and we welcome the promise, that special attention is to be given to the development of cotton-growing within the Empire.

As we write the Lancashire cotton dispute has reached an indecisive but distinctly hopeful stage. The ballots of employers and operatives were heavily in favour of suspension of work rather than agreement on any compromise on wage reductions, and there was a black prospect of a lockout at the end of next week involving directly some half a million workers. On Tuesday it became known that the Government were intervening and on Wednesday representatives of both sides met Sir Horace Wilson, the Permanent Secretary of the Minister of Labour, in London. As we go to press these interviews are still proceeding and they seem likely to issue in the opening of negotiations. Presumably agreement, if it can be reached, will be along the lines of compromise pending the results of the Government's promised enquiry into the condition of the industry. Crises have often threatened before in the cotton trade and been averted, but this time both sides are showing a determination which has certainly looked to be more than bluff.

The Co-ordination of Passenger Traffic Bills have been rejected. The Government have changed their minds on the subject, and "the people's trams" are safe, a success which we look to see celebrated with a due blending of democratic ardour and solemnity. But the pertinent last word on the subject is Colonel Ashley's. Because, as he pointed out, the Government hold certain opinions about municipal enterprise, the mitigation of London's vexatious traffic difficulties is to be postponed. The weak point in the case for the Bills was that Lord Ashfield could be represented as holding a pistol at the head of the London

County Council: no monopoly, no tube development. Actually he is doing nothing of the kind. But the impression that he is—that is easy to produce. And so, in a muddle of ideas and a paroxysm of devotion to a certain view of municipal policy, Londoners have been told to wait while urgent practical improvement is sacrificed to theory.

M. Poincaré, having concluded a speech which nearly rivalled in length his explanation of the situation in Alsace, has scored his first victory over his opponents in the matter of the ratification of the American and British debt settlements. Probably nothing has done more to discredit the parties of the French Left in the eyes of the world than this attempt to overthrow the Government because, by refusing to sanction reservations to the debt settlements, it has carried out the only policy compatible with national honour and unavoidable responsibilities. French ignorance of the way in which these War Debts were contracted is abysmal, and for this M. Poincaré must bear much of the blame; but it must be clear to every deputy, if not to every man in the street, that neither London nor Washington will accept reservations to agreements under which they have themselves made great financial sacrifices, and that, by attempting to escape from these obligations, France is adopting those very tactics of which she so often and so bitterly accused Germany in the matter of Reparations.

Not only in the Empire, but also on the Continent, the new American Tariff Bill is leading to rather feverish discussion of retaliatory measures. We imagine that the growing uneasiness of American exporters and of the farmers themselves, lest the new Bill should harm rather than help them, will do more to persuade the Senate to modify some of its measures than will M. Briand's alleged plan for the United States of Europe. It is difficult to see how much satisfaction can be given to Canada, hitherto the best customer of the United States, since modifications of the Bill would presumably only apply to the demands of the industrialists, and Canadian exports to the United States consist almost entirely of agricultural products, upon which the new taxes will certainly be levied if American farmers are to profit at all from a Bill which was to have been prepared exclusively for their benefit. In other respects, however, it is probable that the new tariff, when it does come into force, will not differ from the Fordney Tariff nearly as much as we might expect if we took very seriously all the claims that have been put forward by business men who want to make the most of what they themselves call "the big steal."

If M. Briand's idea stood any chance of success, there would be two dangers in connexion with it against which we should have to protect ourselves. In the first place its tendency might be to make Paris, rather than Geneva, the capital of the European Federation, and in the second place, its effect might be to start an inter-continental tariff war instead of persuading the Americans to lower their import duties.

But it is obvious that from the practical point of view, we are years, if not generations, away from a European Federation. The delegates to the League's World Economic Conference of 1927 represented every class and every party, but they rather surprisingly reached unanimity in declaring that the present tariff barriers were the greatest of all obstacles to prosperity. If M. Briand, by discussing these barriers at the Assembly in September, can do something to modify the political rivalries behind them he will deserve our gratitude, but it would be folly to expect his initiative to meet with any sensational success.

The Times has done excellently in publishing a large number of letters on the slaughter of game in East Africa from motor cars. As the letters prove, there is only one opinion about this atrociously unsportsmanlike proceeding. How far the higher authorities in Tanganyika are to blame we need not discuss. What we should like to urge is drastic action, after a conference on the subject, to preserve game throughout the Empire, not only in East Africa. For one thing, in our view there should be the severest restrictions on visiting "sportsmen." Why should super-trippers, who usually know nothing of the animals they destroy, be presented with opportunities of titillating their jaded taste for sensation simply because they have money in their pockets? It is the man in a hurry, conscious that if he does not shoot then he will never shoot again, who does nine-tenths of the mischief in countries in which he does nothing else during his brief and blatant sojourn. The other tenth is done by natives. These should certainly not be prevented from guarding their crops or their flocks; but when they shoot for pleasure or for profit out of trophies they should be under the same restrictions as white men. A very practical and humane method would be to insist on a minimum of efficiency in all firearms for which licences are issued; for in many parts of the Empire the native uses guns or rifles which cannot kill except at very short range, and thus maims his wretched victims.

Three glorious days at Leeds have done a good deal towards restoring public interest in Test match cricket at a time when it might well have begun to flag. The game was a game all the way through and not until the last hour or so was the issue ever quite certain. Indeed, at one point on the last day it seemed that only Woolley stood between the South Africans and a victory which the English public would most assuredly not have grudged them. They have won the sympathy and the admiration of all lovers of cricket by their keenness, especially in the field, and by the courage with which they have met a really unnerving series of misfortunes. If, as now seems likely, all their casualties are recovered in time for the next Test the whole story is by no means yet told, and it may be necessary after all to play the last of the series to a finish. This is certainly the best team South Africa has sent us since the fine but unlucky side of 1907, and it seems still to be improving as it goes on.

THE SUBMARINE

THE Government are now committed to another attempt to secure the abolition of the submarine by international agreement and they are apparently to have the support of the United States. The sanguine are hopeful of success; we are not sanguine. When all is said, the submarine is the weapon of the weaker naval power. It has made invasion from over-sea impossible, and it has made a close blockade by surface ships very difficult. If Belgium had a weapon of land warfare which made her frontiers with her great military neighbours reasonably secure, it would need much eloquence to induce her to abandon it. Is not the submarine an analogous protection from the sea against superior naval armaments? And if both France and Germany were to unite in making representations to Belgium on the inhumanity and unfairness of her new weapon, would not that make her the more suspicious of their motives and the more determined to keep it? Similarly, it may well be that when America's protest against the submarine is joined to ours, the effect will be to increase the suspicion and diminish the chances of general international consent.

To us it is second nature to regard the traditional forms of sea-power as instruments only of freedom, and to resent any new invention that will diminish their keenness; but other nations have not this natural prejudice in favour of floating ships of war. To them they are forms of navalism, precisely as large armies are identified by us with militarism, and if new forms can neutralize the advantages of wealth and geographical position there is at once a prejudice in their favour. Instead of helping us to overcome this prejudice, the support of the United States may confirm it.

Mr. Duff Cooper, in a letter to *The Times*, has put forward a case for the submarine which must be met and cannot be ignored. Do we wish, he asks, to make war more agreeable by abolishing weapons that are thought, rightly or wrongly, to be inhumane? Nothing ought to be done to make the decision to go to war less ghastly than it is at present. Or is our motive to cut down expenditure on naval armaments? Why then begin with the cheaper craft like submarines? The effect of abolishing submarines would be to increase the military value of huge surface ships, and therefore to encourage the building of the more expensive types. And finally he asks: Have we a right to expect a nation fighting for its life to divest itself of any weapon that will help it to victory; and even if we do expect it, what guarantee have we that a nation will observe its promise? "No man," he writes, "when he is fighting for his life will or should observe the Queensberry rules of boxing. No nation having once taken the ghastly decision to go to war is justified in abstaining from any step which will

bring that war to the swiftest possible conclusion, unless it has been induced to tie its own hands before entering the arena." Mr. Duff Cooper carries his logic too far, for it is begging the question to assume that frightfulness is necessarily efficacious. It may, on the contrary, as the last war showed, increase the forces to be overcome far more rapidly than the power to overcome them.

The line must be drawn somewhere between the helpful and the unhelpful frightfulness of war. If we ask whether the submarine in war is so clearly on the wrong side of that line that it can be abolished by general consent, the answer must be "Yes and No." "No," if we are thinking of the submarine as an instrument of fighting between different types of naval ship. It is less generally useful than most types because submarine cannot fight submarine, but for particular situations it has great naval value. Nor does it seem more inhumane to sink a great battleship by a torpedo below her armour line than by a plunging shell which crashes through into her magazines. Everything that is now said against the torpedo could be and was said against every new weapon that has ever been introduced. But if we think of the submarine as a weapon not against warships but against commercial craft, not against enemy craft and combatants but against neutrals and women and children, the answer must be an equally decisive "Yes."

The submarine has its legitimate combative uses, but its chief efficacy as a weapon of war is when it is used against non-combatants. That is the real case against it. Logically there is no case for abolition; but there is a case against its abuse so as to involve in common destruction neutrals and non-combatants, a case that is not merely in logic but in expediency too, as Germany found to her cost when her unrestricted submarine campaign brought in the United States against her.

But let us be honest with ourselves in this matter. There is a difficulty before us when we come to advocate the suppression of the submarine as a weapon against neutrals and non-combatants. For starvation can kill as well as drowning, and the starvation of blockade is not confined to combatants and belligerents, but affects women and children too. There is a difference in law between the two cases, but hardly in morals; and if we are to press the argument against the submarine as a killer of non-combatants with a perfectly clear conscience, we should also be ready to consent to the abolition of blockade against any but naval ports. We shall be at once countered at any international conference on the abolition of the submarine by the question whether we are prepared to consent to the abolition of blockade against a civil population. Because we are not prepared, there is a limit beyond which our argument against the submarine on the ground of its inhumanity cannot be pressed; and our efforts for international agreement seem, in consequence, doomed to failure. We can have the submarine abolished as a weapon of commercial blockade, but only at a price which has never been seriously contemplated by us. Let us be either consistent realists or consistent sentimentalists and humanitarians.

THE COMEDY OF WESTMINSTER

House of Commons, Thursday

HE would be but a poor showman who could fail to see possibilities of rich entertainment in our present Parliament. The Socialists are already beginning to writhe under the sardonic revenge which Fate has exacted for their so recent denunciations of the Tories and all their works. By a turn of the electoral wheel they find themselves Tories, carrying on the work that must be done, which is the work they denounced as oppressive of the poor or inadequate to meet the distresses of the Realm.

Mr. MacDonald is Prime Minister and his colleagues are in their various offices because of certain promises which their supporters made to a huge, and largely guileless, electorate. One by one these promises are shown to be incapable of fulfilment. The immediate resumption of diplomatic relations with the Soviets is no longer the hearty gesture that it was. The Dominions are to be consulted; there are to be conditions as to a cessation of Soviet propaganda; there is to be a full dress debate in the House some time in November before anything definite is done. The "immediate withdrawal of British troops from the Rhineland" is deferred until the dawn of that happy morning when France and Belgium also agree to withdraw. Even the Optional Clause, darling of the militant pacifists, is looked at askance, and its signing is seen to have hazards invisible from the airy realms of Opposition.

* *

The dominant question of unemployment, so baffling to all parties, remains where it was. True, it is given an apparent status which it never before enjoyed, in having a Minister all to itself, and that Minister the redoubtable Lord Privy Seal. Despite that new status, the facts about unemployment remain what they were. Mr. Thomas apologized for having nothing better to offer the country than the Conservative Party's schemes by the ingenuous plea that he and his colleagues had had so little time to look about them. Well, the problem has been with us for a long time now. When Mr. Lloyd George produced his famous road scheme, backed by mysterious and anonymous "experts," we were told by the Socialists that they also had experts and schemes worked out. It now appears that this was not so.

Perhaps more clearly than from any other speaker the authentic voice of Conservatism on this subject was heard from Lord Hugh Cecil. Mr. Lloyd George he described as a person anxious to perform a conjuring trick which the country did not wish to see performed. His treatment of the Government had a harder ring. He described the sorrows of the workless man in a passage of perfect eloquence which made the House feel those sorrows more acutely than when listening to the most perfervid Clydesider. And then: "I think it is a shameful thing to use the sorrows of the electorate to raise hopes which will probably be disappointed."

Lord Hugh's eloquence made a distinct impression on one of the Labour Members. Miss Jenny Lee quoted his words with a sort of appalled realization of their truth that made her speech a vastly more taking affair than the shrill scolding she administered to a patient House last session. She has come on greatly.

* *

The back-bench Socialists are more eager to discuss the "dole" than proposals for rendering it unnecessary. They burn to have the Labour Exchanges

"humanized," but they are finding it hard work. The two discussions which we have had on the Unemployment Insurance Fund have not been allowed to stray into this country, so dangerous to the new Ministry. Mr. Young, the Chairman of Committees, excluded the topic with a strictness which drew from Mr. Buchanan the disgusted shout, "You are worse than the Tory who went before you!" So we learn. Even Question Time, the private member's chance of airing grievances, has proved valueless to the humanizers. The questions addressed to the Minister of Labour have been allotted places so far down in the list that they have no chance of being reached in Question Time, and the Supplementary Questions have had to remain unuttered.

The suppressed tension grows more acute. Mr. Churchill and Mr. Amery have differed as to where the true dividing line between parties in this queer House of Commons should be drawn. Mr. Churchill's neat phrase, "the floor is wider than the gangway," expressed the opinion that Liberals and Conservatives are natural allies. Mr. Amery thought the line should be drawn between those who are willing to doubt the doctrine of Free Trade and those who are not. It is possible that both these experts are wrong and that the chasm lies between Socialists who believe in the propaganda on which their Party won its election and those members of the House who place before Socialism other considerations, such as patriotism, practicability, and tenure of office. That chasm is a real one, and it is bound to widen. When Mr. Thomas, with the support of those on the Opposition side of the House, was engaged in the congenial task of piloting a measure to assist enterprise in the Colonies, the only note of opposition came from his own benches. Mr. Brown wanted to know why this public money was to be made available for private enterprise. Mr. Thomas instanced a settler who wanted to buy a tractor to cultivate his land and asked why such a man should not be assisted. "Why, indeed?" thought that section of the House which believes in private enterprise. But Mr. Brown is too good a doctrinaire to let the heresy pass without a further question, which brought upon his devoted head a brusque rejoinder, showing that Mr. Thomas is not going to let a little thing like Socialism stand between him and his work.

FIRST CITIZEN

THE NATURE OF ANIMAL MIND

By E. M. NICHOLSON

[Mr. Nicholson's article is written in reply to Major R. W. G. Hingston's 'Instinct and Intelligence in Animals,' which was published in the SATURDAY REVIEW of July 6.]

THE conflict between the various theories of animal behaviour is so embittered and so full of abstract philosophic difficulties, that the field observer as a rule would give much to keep clear of it by simply recording what he has seen and leaving others to debate over the terms in which it should be interpreted. This escape, unfortunately, is not open to him. One cannot observe without a theory, and the very phrases in which one describes what has been seen have something tendentious about them. In commenting on Major Hingston's views, and explaining why I, as an observer, disagree with them, I shall try to keep as close as possible to what observation actually encounters. My remarks will be tempered both by a strong distaste for abstractions and by the fact that Major Hingston and I will have to live together in the tropical jungle from now till

Christmas on the Oxford University Expedition to British Guiana.

Like most of the younger biologists I do not, in the first place, work in terms of Instinct and Intelligence at all. I believe that those words, attractive yet, as Major Hingston admits, virtually indefinable, are among the greatest stumbling-blocks that the observer has to meet. Even if one could be sufficiently godlike always to decide infallibly into which category a given action ought to go, I do not see of what use it would be. Not only are the terms elusive, but the distinction which they seek to make is not fundamental. The fundamental difference which is capable of demonstration is that between acts which are innate and reactions which are developed by circumstance. Take, since Major Hingston and I both recognize a difference only of degree between animal and human behaviour, a case not from the life of some exotic bug but from common human experience. A klaxon is suddenly sounded just behind someone who is crossing the road and he starts violently to one side. Is that an "instinctive" act or an "intelligent" one? It can hardly be called "instinctive" because there is nothing naturally very alarming to man in a klaxon until he has got accustomed to the idea that it proclaims the approach of a dangerous piece of machinery. On the other hand, it is not "intelligent" because the reaction takes place before there has been time to think, and very frequently when an instant's thought would have produced the opposite decision—to stop dead. It is, in fact, a conditioned reflex, a combination of the inborn and the learnt which is almost universal in nature.

The majority of birds in sportsmen's countries have a similar violent and instantaneous reaction to the sound of a gun; this is quite obviously a recent tradition among them, and even now a local one, since birds of the same species exhibit it strongly in some parts of their range and not at all in others where the gun does not matter. Now according to Major Hingston's approach to a definition, such a reaction must presumably be classed as intelligent, since "an intelligent act is one that has been acquired" while "an instinctive act is independent of experience." But surely these two contrasting formulæ leave a multiplicity of such reactions in between them, which are "acquired" and yet not "intelligent," being more or less at variance with what anything that could be called intelligence would prescribe. Crows in parts of India have a habit of making nests out of loose ends of wire on standards of the high-tension lines, to such an extent that the pattern had to be altered to frustrate their suicidal tendencies. Jackdaws, among the most "intelligent" of birds, persist in bringing cartloads of nesting material to fill an entire belfry, even when it is regularly cleared out. We find among birds countless adaptations to special situations created humanly or otherwise, but the directing force behind all these modifications is not, whenever we are able to analyse it completely, a rational and conscious force but an irrational and unconscious one. Even in clear cases of choice, such as the correspondence in the SATURDAY REVIEW on 'Battles about Birds' has brought forward, it is not to be supposed, except by the anthropomorphic, that the chosen is selected by reason.

Consider yourself; all your major decisions and many of less importance are presumably arrived at by conscious, and more or less laboured or imperfect reasoning, but there are other decisions, where nothing is apparently at stake, and something has nevertheless to be decided, where no attempt at conscious reasoning is made. You may call them caprice, or whatever you like, or if you believe very earnestly in the rational nature of man you may turn a blind eye on them; but there are these snap

decisions into which the conscious reason and memory do not enter, and it is this sort of decision alone, so far as I can satisfy myself, that birds are capable of making. I say birds, because I feel rather less ignorant of that branch of zoology than of others, but I have no doubt the same must be true of all animals except man and a few of the highest mammals. If your mind is a blank, in the common phrase, then it is in the normal condition for animal mind; that is, it is not a self-acting mechanism independent of immediate stimulus but must wait for something outside to supply the initiative and set it in motion.

I have tried to steer clear of any sort of jargon, because it is obvious that the observation on which any final conception of animal mind can be built up is so far only at an early stage, and if we adopt at the outset a number of tendentious terms we are going to ruin our chances of ever learning the truth about it. And that, in my opinion, is just what the "Instinct and Intelligence" gambit is doing. It demands that every observation shall be made from a curious human angle, just as old-fashioned theology demanded that it should be made from a curious heavenly one; the impersonal approach which we call science is excluded and a fatal bias results.

The passion for pigeon-holing is peculiar to the civilized mind; nature is organic, not logical, and she shows no such categorical distinctions as we try to sort out of her. We are apt to credit her with too much cleverness, because we have ourselves so largely abandoned the substitutes for wisdom that a sense of direction, a "homing instinct," and their kind take on an almost supernatural glamour. We will refuse to believe all rational evidence that men have irrationally discovered hidden water because we cannot conceive how they can possibly have done it; if the same thing had been done by a machine or a theory no one would have dreamt of disputing it. Yet even in civilized man the rational superstructure is of course very incomplete, and I believe if we can rule it out something remains which is not too different from animal mind to serve as a valuable standard for comparison, provided, of course, that it is used with due caution under the law of economy of hypothesis. That law, surely, is sufficient in itself to forbid the use of the "Instinct or Intelligence" line of attack so early in the investigation; it is neither possible nor necessary to raise that issue until the primary determination of innate tendencies and the tracing out of the reactions based upon them has been completed.

IN THE HAMLET COUNTRY

By IVOR BROWN

I SUPPOSE that, if a world-vote were to be taken on the greatest character in all imaginative literature or drama, Prince Hamlet would start among the favourites and draw away to win by a Danish mile, which, the traveller should prudently note, is equal to four English miles. It is fitting that such a compliment to England should come by way of Denmark since, if the Englishman is ever capable of feeling at home when he is abroad, it is surely in this land of beechwoods and dairy-farms, of shipyards and beer and bicycles and leisurely benignant citizens. The tempo of the two nations is very much alike, not so slow as it seems and even surer than it looks. The Danes, like the English, get things done without shouting; a train slips out of the station with an almost alarming quietude. You feel that it must have started by mistake. There is none of the furious arm-waving, hallooing and horn-blowing deemed so indispensable by French officialism, not even the modest door-banging and

the whistle of an English station. The waiter does not bellow his orders to the kitchen nor scuffle about his work in a menacing state of perspiration. He feeds you slowly, carefully, and immensely. If you avoid the international type of restaurant and seek the Danish fish-house you will find an incomparable banquet, but it is well to remember that one Danish "portion" equals two or even three English platters. I can well understand that Prince Hamlet grew fat before his prime.

There is a drastic Danish honesty which I would like to think is English too, but can hardly claim as native. Shopkeepers smilingly reject your money if, in the confusion of a strange tongue, you offer too much, and the head-porter of my hotel, every inch an uncle, who has been quietly rendering immensities of service, telephoning, interpreting, and counselling without ever a sign of weariness, has just refused a tip with the explanation that it is not permitted. We have paid our ten per cent. on the bill, of which he takes his share; no more will he take. It is enough to be helpful. They order things otherwise in France, whose hotel winter-gardens are a forest of itching palms, whose doorsteps, on your departure, are a far-flung menial line. One can leave Copenhagen like a guest and not as a supposed official of a Charity Organization Society.

The language, abounding in intricate problems of pronunciation, is not easy but it is English in its intonations; you may not know what people are saying, yet you feel that they are speaking a species of dream-English, liquid and pleasant to the ear and far less guttural than German. The vocabulary has often a close kinship with Scottish and if a parent were to say "Noo, bairn, gang ta kirk" he would be very nearly speaking correct Danish. But it is the tint and texture of the countryside as you go north from Copenhagen to Elsinore that makes you most appreciate the fact of Hamlet's English greatness. The beech-forests and the parkland suggest the Chilterns with the hills left out, a kind of flattened Buckinghamshire with the placid waters of the Sound replacing the lazy Thames and here and there a stork to remind you of Hans Andersen. The Sound, being almost tideless, has no sea-beach; the trees and the gardens of the maritime villas run down to the sea's edge and end in slender wooden jetties for bathing and boating as though it were Cookham or Marlow. Obviously the Swedish shore, which you see through the summer haze, is a good shelter. There can be no storms or these jetties would be shattered every winter.

Elsinore is curiously English, Whitby with a touch of Tyneside. There is a small shipyard and the riveters keep up a crackle of blows on the gaunt carcasses of boats to be as you are ferried over to see the castle. This affair is all post-Hamlet; they were just setting to work on it as Shakespeare was writing his play. The walls over the moat are of mellowed brick and have a Tudor look; after that comes the odd baroque of the Nordic Renaissance style:

But to the girdle do the gods inherit;
The rest is all the fiend's.

Perhaps fiendish is a hard word for the semi-Oriental and fussy minarets deemed suitable to kings and nobles by the seventeenth-century architects of the north. That the thing can be diminished and so worked into a lovely pattern has been proved in the case of the Stockholm Town Hall, most eminent of modern buildings. But there the bulbousness of Nordic tower-decoration has been pruned tactfully away; at Elsinore there is an amplitude of bulb and blazonry which bothers the eye and has no suggestion beyond that of toy-castle strength. The place is now a naval museum, full of the ship-models that Americans buy up at startling prices when they find

them in English antique-shops, full too of old uniforms and portraits of the admirals who took their schnapps and storms bravely when Nelson was smashing up Copenhagen after as dirty a piece of work as ever smirched a great name. A poor return was that of England's for the loan of Hamlet. But, if not forgotten, it is at least forgiven.

They make no fuss about Hamlet at Elsinore. With studious Germans and Americans on the prowl you would expect a brisk business in "minders" as souvenirs are called here. Why not a Café Gertrude, a Claudius Bar, the Laertes Cocktail? There is not a sign of it. Ophelia has a fountain and Hamlet a curious tomb with an heraldic monster graven thereon. Whether it is authentic I certainly do not know; I can only repeat the gossip which calls it "The Cat's Grave." The all-too-Shakespearean visitors kept worrying for a Hamlet's grave, so they obligingly buried a cat and erected a monument. In any case I have not seen it. It was a stuffy, thundery day and a naval museum takes it out of the feet as much as any other kind of museum. There had, too, been serious disillusion. A word which had an encouraging look of "restaurant" led us thirstily onward and upward and then we found that it was only a closed portion of the castle which was being restored. Chagrin, fatigue, and the news that Hamlet (or the cat) had been inconveniently interred at the distance of twenty minutes' walk finished the matter. We went to the hotel for Pilsner and picture post-cards.

The town itself was rewarding, a charming little pattern of red-tiled houses grouped about a square; it carries the marks of all the centuries and harmonizes the difference. Very old and elfin some of it looks; the grave-diggers took their beer in such a square on the summer evenings while Hansel and Gretel played round the trees. When Yorick was off duty he had a glass with them and was blissfully solemn. Polonius walked stiffly through on state occasions; the houses have little window-mirrors so that inquisitive women may lessen the tedium of sitting at home by seeing who is coming down the street. Perhaps it is an ancient custom and maidens were all eyes and expectation when young Hamlet was in town. To an English wanderer the little place is full of ghosts, though, I suppose, that of Hamlet's father has been laid by now. We have seen Bernardo on the battlements, a boy-conscript with a sentinel's bayonet; in the evening he will be over here, looking for Ophelia's maid and taking her to the Summer Theatre, where they have got a new revue called 'Tempo' with special "attractions." Elsinore may have altered much, but the players are still here and I doubt whether the periwig-pated fellows have taken a word of Hamlet's good advice.

MAD MAKE-BELIEVE

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

I STOOD on the boat-deck of a liner that was motionless under the midnight sky. Our nearest neighbour, an Orient liner, looked like a factory working overtime. Beyond, the lights of the docks and more distant ships glimmered faintly. The air stirred uneasily, as it always does above the wide river. All round me were the passengers and the crew. Some of the passengers were in dressing-gowns and pyjamas; some were in evening clothes; some in a motley assortment of garments. There were distinguished-looking old gentlemen, pretty girls, gaping negroes, anxious middle-aged women,

smart youths, nurses, roughs, all in a huddle and muddle. In front of the first lifeboat a space had been cleared, and suddenly this space was dazzlingly, cruelly illuminated. A ring of great arc lamps poured down a quivering purple-white flood of light. It was horrible, unearthly, like high noon on some crazy planet at the other side of the universe. For a minute, nothing happened but the sizzling of the huge lamps. Then a whistle sounded.

Out came, pell-mell, a little crowd of passengers, hurling themselves across the deck to get to the boat. They screamed; they fought. The sailors on the rails grabbed hold of the women and swung them into the lifeboat. The male passengers struggled fiercely, fighting one another and the sailors. I could see the shining black face of a negro, his eyes rolling white despair, on the far side, where he had climbed up the davit but could not reach the boat. Other agonized faces flashed up for a second, then disappeared into the churning mass. The whistle sounded again, and now the boat sank slowly down, leaving the men still fighting at the rails. A woman's face, a chalk mask of tragedy, caught the light in the descending boat for one moment, then vanished. A hand or two, waving last farewells, were flung out of the group of struggling men left on deck. And now the whistle went once more, and everybody suddenly relaxed.

A burst of talk came from a knot of men standing or crouching in the second lifeboat. Something was said about "another shot." But most of them jumped down on to the deck. There was the chief camera man, a pale, thick-set American, dressed in one of those queer coat-waistcoats that some golfers wear. There was the assistant-producer, a little harassed man, who was perpetually bawling through his megaphone. And there was the great man himself, the producer, a man who really has a touch of genius. He had a fleshy parrot-face, brutal, intelligent, very German; he wore a check cap the wrong way round, a muffler over his coat, flannel trousers and slippers; and all the time he pulled sulkily at a long briar pipe. He did not talk much, and never addressed the crowd; he merely stared out of his clever little eyes, and now and then dropped a remark in guttural English to one of his assistants.

This was the third night that little army of supers had been fighting for the boats, and they would be doing it for another week. They had to be there early in the evening, and it was nearly broad daylight when they left. The scenes had to be "shot" over and over again, not merely because they were not performed to the producer's satisfaction the first time, but also because they had to be taken from all manner of queer angles. About a hundred and fifty yards away there was a line of barges, and these had huge lights on them so that the whole ship's side could be flooded. It was enchanting to see the water in this sudden radiance. Indeed, these crazy hours were filled with enchanting glimpses, the most astonishing alternations of fierce light and the soft midsummer darkness, lovely flashes of colour in the mysterious night; and the irony of it was that nothing of this would appear in the few minutes of film that

would be the flower and fruit of these evenings. Nor have you far to look for a further irony, for the story itself that had set all these people in motion was a pitiable thing compared with the thousand-and-one stories that you could pluck out of this thronged deck. The shivering elderly women who clutched the tickets that would admit them to the saloon below, where hot coffee and sandwiches were waiting for them; the doll-like young girls, with round eyes, painted mouths, and shrill Cockney voices, who jazzed and flirted in dim corners, during the long spells between the miming; the lascars and negroes in whose eyes there lurked a darkness that this river had never known; the carefully correct ex-officers, the yawning old "pros," the dozens of men whose past could not be imagined; had they not all brought stories too? In what picture theatre, in what shadow show flickered across the ether, would those stories appear?

An Indian philosopher would have felt at ease on that daft liner. "If the red slayer think he slays," he could have murmured to himself, "or if the slain think he is slain." Here was a dream within a dream, shadow show inside a shadow show. To begin with, it is easy to lose your grasp upon reality if you are taken to a strange place just as dusk is falling. That is what had happened to me that night. I had been taken in a fast car through a part of London I had never seen before, and then we had left the streets behind and had raced along a wide road, broad and dark as a river in twilight, that was raised above mysterious hollow fields. I remember a fine new bridge, with great arches at each end, and its stone looked almost luminous in the queer light. It might have been admitting us into Nineveh, that bridge. Then a vague tangle of dock roads, with policemen shadowy at the gates, and after that a ship's ladder-gangway mounting to the sky, with this crowded boat-deck our final goal. All this was unreal, a little over the edges of ordinary experience, and there, awaiting us at the end of it all, was this huge traffic in unreality.

I saw a group of ship's officers at one end of the deck, and I thought how amused they must be to see these familiar decks turned into a stage for melodrama. I caught a word or two, and, puzzled, went nearer, only to discover that they were all made-up a little and were indeed members of the film company. A few minutes afterwards I saw some more actors playing the part of ship's officers but then discovered that they were not made-up and were real ship's officers. As for the sailors, I never did find out which was which, though I know that both kinds were on board. After a time, my sense of reality was so treacherous that I began to feel uneasy as these scenes of frantic shipwreck were repeated. The liner made no movement, was there, safe in dock. When these people screamed and fought to get into the boats, I too made no movement but looked on complacently, smoking a pipe. But suppose, I thought—and it was now well after midnight—things just slip out of control, for these people are so persistent with their shipwreck that they make reality swing round in their direction. So far, I who had stood there looking on at a piece of make-believe, had been in the right, for the ships and the docks kept

rigidly in their places, and all these others, for all their fervour, their writhing limbs and agonized looks, had been in the wrong. But would it last? What if, the next time they did it, they were in the right and I was in the wrong? Again, it was possible that neither party was right or wrong, that what I was seeing was both a shipwreck and a piece of make-believe. I do not say that I seriously debated these questions with myself, but as I wandered about in this place of crazy shadows and crazier lights, such questions stirred a little somewhere at the back of my mind.

When we left, they were all still at it, shipwrecking away, with another six or seven nights more of it in front of them. If not that night, perhaps the night after or the one after that, things might have begun to edge over towards their make-believe, reality might have quietly slipped its moorings, together with the liner. I do not know that it would really surprise me to learn that all those film people have never been heard of since, that they can be seen in picture theatres, as screen appearances, but never again in streets and pubs, having sailed away in open boats, perhaps towards those South Sea islands that do not exist in this world but only in films.

THE "TALKIES" AND A NATIONAL THEATRE

BY SIR NIGEL PLAYFAIR

IT has been said, it is not for me to guess with how much truth, that the film industry in America ranks, or did rank, seventh in the list of the industries of those industrious States. In England, again if evidence that has been brought forward and scarcely controverted may be believed, at the moment it does not seriously rank as an industry at all. It seems that in its new form England should have a chance of repairing its deficiencies in this respect; it also seems exceedingly probable that poor England will neglect that chance. And if this is so, it will be due very largely to the fact that, though the English people possess the very qualities and talents upon which the talking films should be founded, our fatal neglect of them both in education and organization will once again be the cause of our failure to take advantage of a new opportunity.

In America, at least in every University, there exist, and have existed for many years, classes for the teaching of stagecraft; in every school an attempt at least is made to study the craft of elocution. What are, then, these assets of ours that have been spoken of, these opportunities that ought to be seized?

They do not assuredly lie merely in the provision of entertainments to suit the clientèle of the luxuriant palaces that exist and are being built and adapted within an easy radius of Leicester Square—a clientèle that is tempted, it is alleged, to desert the theatres because of the soft pile carpets and the comfortable seats and the cheapness of those seats, though, to speak the truth, they are not so very cheap after all. For the crowds that throng these palaces, if they were to be cross-examined, would not place any particular value on the purity of the English accent as, sonorously, it echoes from the megaphone, and they are neither excited nor distressed by the literary quality of phrasing or its absence. If Shaftesbury Avenue, a convenient topographical title which must not be held to include the little oasis that is known as its Pavilion, is to

call the tune, the fact that the piping is sounded, canned and packed across the Atlantic will not affect the situation in the very least. Its patrons will flock, are indeed flocking in the Athenian spirit, to all that is provided to appeal to their curiosity, and before a year is past will accept any oddity of language and intonation, first as a necessary convention of the entertainment and then without noticing that any oddity exists.

It should be the business of the captains of the industry in this country to shift the field of battle from the Palace to the Home and to realize that after all by far the greatest number of their possible patrons—especially is this true in England—are the people whose habit in the evening is not to move away from their own firesides. Let them endeavour, then, to capture the market where they keep the gas fires burning. And at once they will, or should, realize that what may be simply called an educational appeal is here to be made far more strongly and successfully. For it is in these households, which still exist in their thousands, where the young members are discouraged, if from no higher motives than thrift and respectability, from "gadding about" at night-time, that all entertainment is held to be better with which a mild amount of instruction is combined. "Shakespeare and the Musical Glasses" may be a phrase which is itself only dimly remembered, but in its essence it still very strongly survives. If it were not so, how should we account for the flourishing condition of *T.P.'s Weekly* and other journals of its kind, of the Polytechnics and of the Berlitz Schools?

It requires no very vivid exercise of the imagination to foresee the portable talking-movie machine, side by side with the wireless receivers and the gramophones. I do not pretend to know the statistics, but I imagine the sale of "good music" on the discs does not compare disgracefully with that of the jazz dance music, and roughly I suppose it must be true, or there would be a greater protest against them than there is, that the B.B.C. programmes reflect the public taste, and that taste, however one may criticize it, is infinitely above that of the present "talkie-film" audience. I can suppose, then, that there will arise in the near future a large demand from this new public, at present quite naturally unprovided for, of films founded upon classic plays, as well as of concerts of what may be called "classical" music, of public oratory and elementary educational lectures on all sorts of subjects of general interest.

Let me dwell for a moment on just one of these sub-divisions, the performance for the purposes of the machine of classic plays. I suppose there is not a school in the empire that would not welcome, be forced at any rate, under pressure of public opinion, to welcome the performance of the plays of Shakespeare, Sheridan and Goldsmith, to go no further, if these performances could be given without expense, or at only negligible expense, without subjecting their pupils to the "contaminating" atmosphere of the public theatre or without bringing them too intimately into the company of those very dubious people, the actors and actresses.

And if this is so, here is the great chance, or one of the great chances, of the English manufacturers, a chance which perhaps, though with some difficulty, it is still possible for them to take, a chance that could easily and profitably have been taken, if only the attitude towards the theatre of our governments and leaders of public thought had not been so incredibly foolish and short-sighted in the past. The theatre as a means of education, as an exponent of culture, has been utterly neglected; no one can deny that. A whole generation of our countrymen has been allowed to grow up with only the very scantiest opportunities of making acquaintance with the dramatic classics,

to which they have been taught in their childhood to pay lip-service but which for the most part they associate almost entirely with text-books and footnotes. And what footnotes! How Shakespeare and Sheridan and Goldsmith must hoot in heaven at their misunderstandings and avoidances! But still, chiefly to the credit of a self-sacrificing few, the acting tradition has never been allowed in this country completely to die out, and with a little endeavour and organization it can be successfully recovered.

The appeal that has been made in England to found a National Theatre and a National Opera House in the name of Culture has been made in vain; let those of us who wish, perhaps for our own selfish enjoyment (but, after all, did not a minority force a National Picture Gallery upon an indifferent majority for their own enjoyment?) to see both or either brought into being now base our appeal in the cause of Commerce. Is it not possible—I have asked the question before but have till now received no crushing reply from the Economists—that a National Theatre could now be made not only a self-supporting but even a paying proposition? Not, of course, because of its immediate audiences, but because it would become the sole monopolist factory of classical talking films for which there would be, as I have endeavoured to show there must, a great and ever-increasing demand.

And to those of my readers who doubt, as indeed they may be forgiven for doubting, if there are artists in England (as they know, or easily assume, there are in every other country) capable of great acting in great classical plays, I would put just one question, typical of many others they would be tortured with were I a Norman Birkett and they in the witness box before me: Did they ever hear Miss Fay Compton reading Shelley's 'Ode to a Skylark' over the wireless? If they did, and are aware that Miss Compton has only once, so far as I can remember, been given an opportunity of speaking verse upon the English stage, they must realize the hideous waste of material and talent that is allowed to continue unchecked in our midst.

BROADCASTING

MR. H. G. WELLS gave good measure. In some ways it was the best broadcast talk I have listened to. Whether one agrees or not with his views on peace—and in our best moments we probably all agree with them—there can be no doubt of the sincerity which prompts their utterance, or the exceptional type of mind which controls and co-ordinates them. If the longing for peace which is (or with careful nurture might be) instinct in the mass of the people is not only to continue but to become a positive factor in the governance of the world, then such words as Mr. Wells used last week must be received with proper humility. His idealism is pertinently constructive, and if he appears to be a ruthless iconoclast he at least sets up other altars.

One thing his talk did was to give Mr. Vernon Bartlett the opportunity of examining some of his points in a companion talk (I think it was that more than a reply) which was as full of interest as Mr. Wells's own broadcast, and pleased me because it allowed of a more hopeful outlook. The League of Nations came well out of these two talks. Mr. Wells throws bricks at it, presumably to startle it into livelier action. Mr. Bartlett shows what excellent work the League is doing, and by implication assures us that with wider powers it could do better and with more speed.

Another fact that arose from Mr. Wells's broadcast is the evidence, first noted on that evening, that there

may soon be a change of attitude about controversy and the microphone. Probably the B.B.C., having gone warily in the past, now begins to feel the backing of an enlightened public opinion (not necessarily that of the "ten million" who are so dangerously low-brow and must never be disturbed in their torpor). Broadcasting may be expected gradually to approach a state of reasonable freedom of speech such as will gratify many of us and, I suspect, not be wholly distasteful to the Corporation itself. A muzzled microphone is a mockery. Mr. Wells and Mr. Bartlett have been allowed to demonstrate how little danger there is in giving freedom of discussion to persons whose right-mindedness has already been tested.

The last of Mr. T. S. Eliot's talks has been given. The series has been exceedingly good, packed with information dealt with in an easy fashion. The *Listener* can be consulted for a review of them all. Mr. Z. F. Willis is another good talker who has finished a series—'The Foundations of Character'—which, it may be hoped, have not escaped the notice of listeners. These talks have been evidently aimed at a non-specialist audience, and their discursiveness has been pleasant without disturbing the flow of ideas. Such a subject must necessarily be treated with diffidence, and Mr. Willis's unassertiveness has made his postulates acceptable.

Sibelius is not enough known here. His fourth symphony got a fair performance last week, but it deserves, and I hope it will soon get, a better. Leslie Heward's 'Nocturne' was played at the same concert and in the same adequate manner. It struck me, on first hearing, as a work of charm, thoughtful, and interestingly scored.

Broadcasts for the coming week include the following: Sunday: 'English Eloquence—Lincoln at Gettysburg' (2LO). Monday: Debate between Mr. Beverley Nichols and Mr. Compton Mackenzie (2LO). Tuesday: Mr. H. A. Richey on 'Stonehenge' (Bournemouth). Wednesday: Mr. G. M. Gillett, M.P., on 'British Overseas Trade' (2LO). Thursday: Prof. R. S. Conway on 'Laziness as a Fine Art' (2LO). Friday: Miss Esyllt Newbery on 'Tales from Tibetan Folk-lore' (Cardiff and Swansea). Saturday: Mr. J. T. Halliday on 'The Queen Anne and Georgian House' (North of England).

CONDOR

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—177

SET BY GERALD BARRY

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a prose rendering in the style of Henry James of the following quatrain:

Half a pound of twopenny rice,
Half a pound of treacle;
That's the way the money goes;
Pop! goes the Weasel.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a list of twelve adjectives—in common use in their negative form—which are never used without their negative prefix. E.g.: Hevelled (from dishevelled); mayed (from dismayed); hibited (from inhibited). Examples should be better than these.

RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week: LITERARY 177a, or LITERARY 177b).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of the rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, July 29. The results will be announced in the issue of August 3.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 175

SET BY EDWARD SHANKS

A. *We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a Sonnet (in Italian form) addressed by a Very Nervous Batsman to a Very Fast Bowler, who, in the interval between the Octave and the Sextet, bowls him Very Painfully off his ribs.*

B. *We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best collection (not more than five) of remarks overheard from strangers. Those which stimulate the imagination are to be preferred. No remark, including any necessary explanation, should run to more than 75 words.*

REPORT FROM MR. SHANKS

175A. The spectacle of fast bowler and timid batsman seems to have awakened in many minds images of single combat, and Achilles and Hector have come up for judgment several times. Some competitors knew little of cricket, and others knew nothing about the sonnet. There were a few parodies: none of them struck me as being very good, though I cannot reasonably be supposed to be a sound judge of a parody of myself. If I have done this competitor an injustice, I apologize to him.

T. E. Casson, if I read correctly a somewhat obscure piece of versification, appears to have been bowled off his ribs by Mr. Constantine, and the fact that he gives an address in Lancashire lends probability to this supposition. If so, the greatness of his vanquisher ought to console him not only for the pain he must have undergone but also for his failure to obtain a prize. James Hall (not for his parodies), Bow-wow, W. Snow and C. T. A. Newall are all commended. I award the first prize, without hesitation, to Valimus, and the second, after some hesitation, to Lavengro. My doubt about him is caused by the fact that I do not understand why he should regard the moving of mid-off to silly-point as an unnecessary compliment paid to him by the bowler.

FIRST PRIZE

("One leg."—"A little more, sir—Right!—and one To come.") I hope you'll bowl the first one straight Why should you make a harmless fellow wait While you walk calmly back, in ghoulish fun, And start that insolent, ungainly run Like some old god, to sling your bolts of Fate At me, who'll do my best at any rate To let you get an easy one for none?

Gosh!—(let me get my breath before I go!) That was the most unkindest cut of all (Shakespeare)—What need was there to find a bump? It strikes me as a little hard, you know, (More ways than one) that with the smaller ball You still should want me as an extra stump.

VALIMUS

SECOND PRIZE

Is it for private spite you measure out
Your thirty yards of venom; do you need
To sacrifice all decency for speed,
And move mid-off to silly-point for doubt
That I, with gross temerity may clout
So great a bowler; must you whirl your arm
So awfully in order to alarm
One nervous member of the general rout?
There go my bails; I thought they were perhaps
Merely a rib or two, since you but thought
The man for wicket would do just as well.
Not so, oh bitter irony, no lapse
Of bowling strategy was here; for nought
You smashed my wicket and my ribs as well.

LAVENGRO

175B. The results of this competition were disappointing. One competitor quoted Andrew Lang's famous specimen, about the two ladies who entered the train at Euston and preserved complete silence until it reached Nuneaton, when one of them said, "Eliza has 'good cause to remember Nuneaton,'" after which both were silent again. That stimulates the imagination. But repartees, witty or otherwise, do not, and they were not what I had in mind. I certainly did not want captions for comic artists, or elderly jests like that of the man who thanked God he was an atheist, or pithy epigrams, or wise and kindly sayings calculated to help the unhappy through a hostile world. I got many of these, but little of what I did want. Several competitors managed one goodish instance. I commend this from Pibwob, though I entertain doubts as to its authenticity:

Remark made by one who looks like a mid-Victorian maiden aunt: "He clenched his fist in my face and shrieked, 'You unspeakable devil!' and suddenly collapsed face downward on the floor. It was quite a long time before he died."

But, to be perfectly honest, I wish I had been a competitor instead of a judge. Pantarei easily wins the first prize as the only entrant who produced more than one specimen of any value. No one wins the second prize.

THE WINNING ENTRY

1. A girl standing talking to a young man near a tube station. He is all attention and seriousness. Apparently the speaker has reached the climax: "So I said to him, 'I'm much better educated than you, you bloody fool.' . . ."
2. A philosopher of bibulous and jovial countenance, in charge of a cab rank, is addressing a group of attentive taxi-men: "Stands to reason that cold water don't give you no heat. . ."
3. A secluded table at a no less secluded restaurant; a couple seated thereat; this fragment, during a lull in the conversation at other tables, floats across the room: "But you are nearly eighty. . ."
4. Two men sitting on chairs in Kensington Gardens: "I think that I ought to tell you that your wife"—"I have no wife"—"Sorry if I have been indiscreet. . ."
5. Two ladies on a bus: "I can't make him out; every week he used to send ten collars to the wash, and now not one for a fortnight. . ."

PANTAREI

The Circulation Manager particularly asks that Subscribers will be kind enough to notify him at 9 King Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2, of any delay in delivery of copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW sent to them by post, or of any case where excess postage has been charged.

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BACK NUMBERS—CXXXIV

THESE can never have been a better review of the earlier, some of it not quite early, work of Mr. Yeats than that printed in the SATURDAY when the whole of what he then had decided to preserve was first brought together. If Mr. Yeats had written no more, the best use to make of this space would have been to reprint it, with "Stet." not as a signature but a declaration that not one word of it was to be altered. No nonsense there about the Celtic temperament! Only the cool and just remark that whereas all Irish poets before Mr. Yeats had been slaves of the Celtic temperament, Mr. Yeats was master of it and himself.

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The predecessors of Mr. Yeats gave their readers not so much poems as the gold-dust of poetry with a generous accompaniment of other dust. Part of the trouble was the persistence of the two absurd notions that Moore was a poet and that he was the national poet. Someone or other, and a treacherous memory suggests it was Hazlitt, said that Moore turned the wild harp of Erin into a musical snuff-box; and to so very much smaller a person as myself must be ascribed the criticism that Moore's levity was that of a nature without weight, not that of a nature with buoyancy. But the Mauresque influence apart, an anthology of pre-Yeatsian Irish poetry is a thing to weep upon.

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Almost always those poets fall short. There are hardly more than two exceptions. Mangan, elsewhere mostly a kind of *Poe manqué*, achieves magnificently in 'Dark Rosaleen,' which is not free from his tricks, but in which the passion of the thing sweeps all before it. He who condemns the tricks is on a level with the critic who dwells on Victor Hugo's ingenuity of rhyme in the maddening, the incomparable song of the lover maddened by the wind that blows across the mountains. And there is the terrific thing done by Sir Samuel Ferguson, that poem of the Welshmen who brought up the child of their oppressor to be the instrument of their vengeance on his own kin, a poem with a most original and singularly appropriate metre, as menacing in movement as a snake. But as for the rest of those rhetorical creatures, approaching poetry and never quite attaining to it, the less said of them the better.

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From the first, even before he was truly a master of his art, Mr. Yeats was distinguished from all his Irish predecessors by being master of himself. In his generous patriotism, he attributed many of his merits to those who had gone before, and was glad to think of himself as but in the succession. He was even then a startling exception, an artist in intention, and presently a perfect artist in execution, whereas they had been orators switched into poetry or ready-witted street musicians getting away with their cheap tunes. He invoked the variously spelled figures of Celtic mythology, and took careful thought for an Irish atmosphere; but his masters were Blake and the French Symbolists, and in the middle 'nineties he made his more elaborate style out of that which Mr. Symonds had devised, not for original poetry, but for the translation of Mallarmé. What matter? The smiling Muse condescended to appear as a colleen, and the Genius of the English language blessed and was made manifest in poem after lovely poem supposed to be written in protest against it.

By 1899, the year, I think of both the first collected 'Poems' and of 'The Wind Among the Reeds,' Mr. Yeats had achieved to the full measure of his intention. To go further in the same direction was impossible. Perhaps he himself knew it, perhaps the original impulse spent itself and had no need to be restrained: however that be, there then came to him in full force the temptation, not entirely unknown to him a little earlier, which comes sooner or later to every artist. He was beckoned outside the circle in which he was the perfect magician. There are those, and Rossetti is an example, who firmly resist the temptation; there are others, like Maeterlinck, who yield to it on the whole calamitously. Mr. Yeats yielded, and in the end to some gain.

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What years those were in which one worried over the development! It was an impertinence, no doubt, for the wind of inspiration bloweth where it listeth, and in any event one is not official meteorologist. But how, loving this man's poetry as one did, could one help being troubled? He had gone in purple, worn

The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half light,

and now he stripped himself. He abdicated, to prove himself a man who wrote poetry out of his manhood, not just a poet with an art of incantation. One cried out upon him that we had been so happy in the old days, but eventually that lamentation was made to seem foolish.

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The new poetry, with the mist withdrawn and the bones of the landscape made visible, had little of the charm which had won us long ago. But the best of it came out of a greater depth, had more humanity, had more edge. He prayed, that new poet:

To dine at journey's end
With Lander and with Donne.

It was not the company for the enchanter of the 'nineties, but it is the company for the austere poet, who has given up almost everything that was his, sacrificed every lawful luxury of the imagination, to produce that which, if it does not prevail by its essential poetical quality, cannot prevail at all. Angularity has come into his verse, and, with that, edge. It has become possible for him to be topical, even in a sense journalistic, and remain a poet. He has learned to jibe, as in that royal reproach to the rich fool who would contribute to an Irish National Gallery on conditions. Whereas he saw life, or the symbols of life, in a magic mirror, he now sees life directly. Then he used to choose carefully among the more poetic ideas, and now a topic of the marketplace will often suffice him. He was the architect of clouds, and Ixion as a lover; now he is at grips with the actual, and in building his poems may seem to have taken for his motto the declaration of the painter Géricault that, were it possible, he would do his contours in iron.

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We must applaud so wonderful a development. And yet, being "human, too human," and middle-aged at that, I for one sigh occasionally for the old gracious time, "when the Gods allowed us, and our days were clear of these." Not as a critic! In that capacity, I am all for doing my duty. But when the collected 'Poems' and 'The Wind in the Reeds' appeared I was eighteen, and the manna that fell on one at eighteen seems sometimes better than the Promised Land reached in middle age.

STET.

REVIEWS

CAPTAIN MARRYAT

BY EDWARD SHANKS

The Novels of Captain Marryat. Vols. I and II. *Peter Simple. Frank Mildmay.* Edited by R. Brimley Johnson. Dent. 3s. 6d. each.

IT is not long since Messrs. Dent performed a real service, to those who like stories of adventure and plenty of them, by a very full and convenient edition of Dumas. They have now embarked upon another in the edition of Marryat, the first two volumes of which I have before me at this moment. Both editions bear certain resemblances to one another. The plates from which they are printed have evidently seen much service and are no longer as clear as they have been. Both are cheap (Marryat, for some reason, comes a shilling a volume cheaper than Dumas) and both are bound with the stoutness befitting books which are certain to have a good deal of handling. They are, taking all things together, better than no editions at all, and very good value for the money.

Whether Marryat still retains the juvenile audience which was once supposed to be specially his, I do not know. From the enquiries which I have been able to make, I imagine that some of it has gone. But it is certain that he has never had the attention from adult readers to which he is entitled. Even Dr. Saintsbury, who of all men should have appreciated his racy robustness, approaches him in a spirit which in any other man one would call patronizing, and premises a great descent in "purely literary merit from Dickens and Thackeray, and perhaps Bulwer." In recent years, only Mr. Squire, so far as I know, has championed his claims to receive more from criticism than a benevolent pat on the head.

He would not, I fancy, have relished pats on the head or patronage from anyone. He was too much like one of his own characters: he was, in fact, as sailors often are, rather like a stage sailor—brusque, breezy, impulsive, quarrelsome, and with the makings of a first-class crank in him. Perhaps the bitterest moment of his life was when, after he had protested against the introduction into an anonymous novel by F. D. Maurice of a character named Captain Marryat, he received from the publishers the author's innocent assurance that he had had no idea that any such person really existed. He thought no little of himself, and it is not for us to blame him, for undoubtedly we have thought less of him than is his right.

Mr. Squire, analysing the style of 'Mr. Midshipman Easy,' has suggested that Voltaire must have had something to do with it, and this is not at all unlikely. I have remarked that Marryat had leanings towards crankishness, and this, though true enough, might be more politely put. Using the more polite formula, I would say that sea-service had upon him the effect, which it not infrequently has upon superior intelligences, of encouraging independence of judgment to an extreme point. He was a reformer all his life. His first publication was an attack on the system of the press-gang, and he could not write a story of adventure without betraying over and over again a revolutionary dissatisfaction with the state of society in general and that of the Navy in particular. He held views which, in early nineteenth-century England, were decidedly of a Radical character, and there is no difficulty in supposing that Voltaire was one of his favourite authors.

He also came of a family immensely active with the pen. He was, says Mr. Brimley Johnson:

One of fifteen sons and daughters, "of whom ten attained maturity, and several have entered the lists of literature." His eldest brother, Joseph, was a famous collector of china, and author of "Pottery and Porcelain"; the youngest, Horace, wrote "One Year in Sweden, Jutland and the Danish Isles"; and his sister, Mrs. Bury Palliser, was the author of "Nature and Art" (not to be confounded with Mrs. Inchbald's novel of that name), "The History of Lace" and "Historic Devices, Badges and War Cries." His father and grandfather published political and medical works respectively, while the generation below was equally prolific. Marryat's youngest son, Frank, described his travels in "Borneo and the Eastern Archipelago," published at the age of nineteen, and "Mountains and Molehills," or "Recollections of a Burnt Journal"; and his daughter, Florence, Mrs. Lean, the author of his "Life and Letters," has written a great many popular novels.

If publishers then had been as sheeplike in their choice of publication-days as they are now, almost any Thursday would have been an occasion of great excitement in the Marryat family.

Of all these works, only one, the last mentioned, remains in any way to vex us. I confess that I have never seen Florence Marryat's life of her father. But Mr. Johnson seems to find it unsatisfactory, and, from my recollections of a book by her on Spiritualism, to which I was exposed in childhood, I can well believe that it is worse than that. The details of his life after he had left the Navy at the age of thirty-eight are obscure in a tantalizing way. We know that he ran hither and thither between England and America and elsewhere in a manner indicative of extreme restlessness, but that is almost all that we do know from the only authority, his daughter. He edited a magazine, he made considerable sums of money out of his books, and he lost considerable sums of money on a country estate. He died in 1848, when he was fifty-six. His career might be recommended to those ingenious students of character who find it increasingly difficult to select suitable subjects for their biographical attentions.

Were his life fully recorded, he would probably be found to be sufficiently interesting in himself, even if he had never written any books. But I am at present concerned with him principally as an author. Thus considered, he must be described as forming an important link between the novelists of the eighteenth century and those of the nineteenth. He is like Smollett not only in scene but also in manner, but he is at the same time part of the soil in which Dickens grew. Mr. Chucks, with his delicately managed crescendos of abuse, is pure Dickens:

I say, Mr. Webber, I beg leave to observe to you in the most delicate manner in the world—just to hint to you—that it is not the custom to laugh at your superior officer. I mean just to insinuate, that you are a d—d impudent son of a sea cook; and if we both live and do well, I will prove to you, that if I am to be laughed at in a boat with the captain's jacket on, that I am not to be laughed at on board the frigate with the boatswain's rattan in my fist; and so look out, my hearty, for squalls when you come on the fore-castle; for I'll be damned if I don't make you see more stars than God Almighty ever made, and cut more capers than all the dancing-masters in France. Mark my words, you burgoo-eating, pea-soup-swilling, trowsers-scrubbing son of a bitch.

There is something even more Dickensian in the prodigality which creates Mr. Muddle, otherwise Philosopher Chipps, who anticipated Nietzsche's doctrine of the Eternal Return, and which uses him so exquisitely but so little, and so soon, to the reader's everlasting regret, discharges him from the book.

Dr. Saintsbury describes him as "a rather careless and incorrect writer," and so he is. But he is also a born writer, and his sense of style is worth a ten times greater knowledge of the rules. It would be hard to find a sentence better adapted to its purpose than this, which is extracted from the account

given by Swinburne, the quarter-master, of the battle of Cape St. Vincent :

The Portuguese and the English have always been the best of friends, because we can't get no port wine anywhere else, and they can't get nobody else to buy it of them.

And this account, by the way (which must have been derived by Marryat from an eye-witness and is therefore worthy the attention of historians), is, like all his other descriptions of sea-fighting, at once vivid enough to stir the blood and moderate enough to compel belief. Peter Simple's story of his own first engagement carries conviction in the same way as the description of the battle of Waterloo in the 'Chartreuse de Parme.' If it has not a corresponding irony in it, there is the same persuasive absence of heroics. Marryat has been too much neglected, both as an historical source and as a novelist : perhaps this edition will do something to restore him to his proper place.

THE JUST AND THE UNJUST

The Life of Lady Byron. By Ethel Colburn Mayne. Constable. 21s.

MISS MAYNE, who some years ago did careful justice to Byron, has now done as much for Lady Byron. The subject of her former biography was very rarely just to others or to himself, petulance or pose usually forbidding any attempt to keep the scales even; but the woman with whom she now deals was ceaselessly occupied in measuring out praise and blame. That contrast alone would have ensured unhappiness in the Byron marriage. But there were other factors making for misery. Byron, for all his great qualities, was radically a cad. He so revealed himself to her in the first hour of their married life, when he told her "it must come to a separation," and throughout that nightmare honeymoon; still more in the atrocity of taking his bride to stay with his half-sister and ex-mistress, flaunting his memorials of incest before her, telling her plainly that she was in the way, and in his conduct at the time when Ada was born. And the bride, with her many fine qualities, was radically a prig.

There is tragedy here, but the recital of it needs to be keyed down. It is not the thing of horror that the one out of his historic temperament and the other out of priggishness made it appear. Byron's incest is not the capital fact. Lady Byron, long after suspicion had deepened into certainty, continued to be warmly attached to Augusta Leigh; Augusta herself, as Miss Mayne has acutely perceived, gave herself to her half-brother without any strong sense of what she was doing; and though Byron liked to believe he had an anguished sense of sin, he had only a lively appreciation of scandal.

Here we will venture to offer Miss Mayne one or two suggestions, implying criticism of her excellent book. Her tone in dealing with the incest is exactly right, but she allows it to be supposed that Byron's interest in the vice was wholly personal and quite exceptional. As a matter of fact, the great Romantics of the period were obsessed by the idea of incest, hovering round it like moths round a candle. So very different a man and poet as Shelley circled about it imaginatively even oftener than Byron. Miss Mayne, therefore, goes too far in regarding Byron's recurrence to the subject as peculiar, as indicative of what modern psychologists have taught us to expect of perverts, an inability to keep away from their secret. Then, as it seems to us, she has fastened on Byron's determination to make his bride run back to her parents as the dominant motive of his abominable conduct, to the exclusion of a subconscious motive which we believe to have been stronger and more persistently operative. Anyone who closely considers the work of Byron, juvenile effusions excepted, will see that notoriety was the

condition of its existence. Unless he could feel, without making himself utterly ridiculous, that the eyes of a shocked England were on him, he could not write. Each of his mature works would be an absurdity without his consciousness, and ours, that he had been a social lion and was an outcast. Well, we deem it truth as well as charity to see him as a man driven by this subconscious need of notoriety to wreck his home. There are those, and in his very different and smaller way Wilde was another of them, who, wishing to have their names graven on the rock, steer for it.

It may be, though this is less near to certainty, that Lady Byron had her own subconscious motive in the desire to be demonstrably in the right. Posterity would have respected her more if she had left her melodramatic cad-bully within a week of their marriage, after Byron had done his pistol and dagger "turn," or still earlier when he awakened in the crimson-canopied nuptial bed shrieking that he was in Hell. Certainly, she should have left him when she virtually knew, from his own words and actions, that he had committed incest with Augusta and was eager to resume relations. But each of these tragicomedians had a part to play. The tragedy, such as it was, was less in the piece than in the stage directions: "Be good, sweet maid"; "Be bad, great poet."

Not that Lady Byron was content to anticipate Charles Kingsley's fatuity by letting who will be clever. Without "intelligence in love," she had plenty of intelligence in general. At times, chiefly long afterwards, she was shrewd enough about her husband's character. Once at least she realized that contact with goodness drew out all the worst in Byron; she might have added that he was at his best when in touch with blackguardism.

A melancholy narrative, but let those who believe that all things work to eventual good take heart. Augusta committed incest, and her daughter, Medora, befriended by Lady Byron after the event, was concubine to her brother-in-law with her sister's acquiescence, but Medora's child was the founder of the Ada Leigh Homes for girls in Paris. And Lady Byron abounded in good works, and was adored by the Rev. Frederick Robertson, of Brighton. And Byron abandoned all that nonsense about being a tragic personage to "wander with pedestrian muses" and to produce his masterpiece, 'Don Juan,' assailing the world on its own level, with its own weapons. And in the end Miss Mayne wrote her two biographies, doing justice alike to the unjust and the just.

T. E. W.

MR. ARMSTRONG'S POETRY

The Bird-catcher and Other Poems. By Martin Armstrong. Secker. 15s.

IT is now eight years since Mr. Armstrong published his last volume of poems—which by the way, was much more easy to store away in one's shelves than this will be. In the interval, he has become a distinguished novelist and has also written some good novels. The second of these two achievements goes some way towards reconciling one to the fact that in all this time he has written no more than thirty-six new pieces of verse. Another reason for accepting the present collection with gratitude instead of complaint is that Mr. Armstrong has never been a very prolific poet. He has given us four small books of verse in the course of seventeen years, and all of them (for he does wrongly to think as little as he does of the first) contain first-rate, closely packed and workmanlike stuff.

The expression "closely packed" is very much in place. These are the first words that come to one's lips after reading any one of his collections, and almost any page here will provide an illustration

of their justice. Most people know that solid and satisfying poem 'Honey Harvest,' and therefore, good as it is, it shall not be quoted here. But not so many know its fitting companion-piece 'Spanish Vintage':

So in the golden-hued September weather,
The master of the vineyard and his men
Bearing small wicker baskets pace together
Down the leaf-shadowed alleys, pausing when
Among the vines thick-leaved and deeply-rooted,
They chance upon those bunches heaviest-fruited
And fullest-ripened: these alone they gather
And softly in the baskets lay; and then
Convey them to a sunny spot, made ready
With little mats of woven grass; for here
They must be laid awhile beneath the steady
Streams of the sunshine. But when night draws near,
With other mats they shield them, nor uncover
Till all the dark and dewy hours are over:
So for three days, till the juice turns sweet and heady
From four and twenty hours of sun and air.
Now to the winepress. Now the mounded treasure
Load upon load into the trough is tossed,
But never heaped above the proper measure
Lest something of the scented juice be lost
When, stripped to the thighs, the peasants take their station
And tread the grape to rich annihilation,
While all the rest stand round and laugh with pleasure
To see the foam seethe up as keen as frost.

This picture, painted with a deliberation and care for detail which never once interfere with its free movement or the profound delight in material things which inspires it, has not many good parallels in English poetry. One thinks of Arnold, perhaps of Mr. Sturge Moore, and of one or two passages by Herbert Trench. But to find the same mood and the same way of expressing it habitually employed, one has to go to the French Parnassians of the best period, to Leconte de Lisle and to Hérédia himself.

Mr. Armstrong exposes himself, as they did, to the charge of excessive impassivity, of working in words when he ought to be working in monumental marble or at any rate on gallery-canvases. His defence, however, is the same as theirs. The strong feeling which can be discerned anywhere in his work by anyone who looks for it breaks out often enough to be obvious even to the casual reader. It is true that Mr. Armstrong never lets himself go: it is not in his nature, it is not in the nature of his poetry, to do so. He expresses himself best in a steady controlled movement. But the control he uses is, to any but the most superficial observer, a good measure of the strength of feeling over which he exercises an artist's mastery. He, if any poet ever did, uses elaborate images in order to subdue to a poetic purpose the emotions which visit him. I know, in all his work, no better example of this than the poem 'Poetry and Memory,' which I believe, from various indications of style, to be fairly recent:

Dark is the mind's deep dwelling,
Roofed and walled and floored
With ancient rock. There water, slowly welling
Or slowly dripped, is stored
In a dim, deep, dreaming pool,
Unvexed by rain or sunlight or the cool
Wings of the winds, untroubled by joy or grieving
Or the bitterness and the ecstasy of living.
Till the young white bathers come, warily treading,
Lovely, desired, with rosy flesh
Like the apple-bloom on grey boughs spreading
In April, and their feet refresh
Like April, the grey desert place.
For when with a sudden freakish grace
They break the pool's long sleep in an airy flight
Of diving, the dim pool takes light,
Blooms to soft fire in a thousand tongues unfurling,
That shed a shimmering beauty on roof and walls
And rouse in those stern halls
Laughing music of water, till the death
Of that dark underworld
Thrills harp-like with new ecstasy and the breath
Of a thousand buds uncurling.

What more can be said than that it has been an experience to copy it out? E. S.

THE DOCTOR AND THE LAW

Medico-Legal Problems. By Lord Riddell. Lewis. 5s.

BUT for the appearance of doctors in the Law Courts, either as defendants or as expert witnesses—for they rarely appear as prosecutors—the newspaper-reading public would lose much of the condiment which stimulates its study of daily events. Medico-legal problems are a hobby with Lord Riddell, and the papers of which this book is composed have all been read before the Medico-Legal Society, at the meetings of which he is a frequent and active attendant. Interesting side-lights are thrown on many of the legal responsibilities and liabilities which confront the practising doctor. There is, as Lord Riddell points out, a widely-held idea that, apart from illegal abortion and assisting a suicide in his purpose, a surgeon and his patient are entitled to agree upon any operation they choose. This is far from being correct, for no man legally may maim himself or arrange with another person to maim him. Bodily harm, self-inflicted or inflicted by another with the consent of the subject, whereby a man or a woman is deprived of the use of any member of his body or of any sense, the consequence of which deprivation might prove injurious to the public, falls under the head of "criminal maiming." Of course, as is laid down in Stephens's 'Digest of the Criminal Law,' everyone has a right to consent to the infliction upon himself of bodily harm not amounting to a maim, or even of a maim for a purpose not injurious to the public; but "consent or no consent," a surgeon who, in the present state of the law, performs such an operation as castration, or vasectomy, or salpingectomy, for the purpose of sterilization of the individual, without pathological excuse, "is guilty of unlawful wounding, both under the common law and under the Statutes; and, in the case of death, of manslaughter."

One of the most interesting chapters in the book is devoted to the law and ethics of Medical Confidences. Lord Riddell asks three questions: "When may the doctor tell, when should he tell, and when must he tell?" A medical witness appearing in the French Courts has imposed on him a stringent *secret professionnel*. He is forbidden to divulge secrets which are in his possession purely through his professional relation. In this country, also, a doctor is legally compelled to preserve his patient's confidences unless he can plead judicial compulsion, the patient's consent or the protection of the public. While the doctor is liable to his patient for maintaining secrecy in the absence of any of the above lawful excuses, there is, as Lord Riddell reminds us, no legal privilege for medical confidences. If called as a witness, a doctor must answer such questions as may be put to him by the Court. In practice, decisions as to the breaking or keeping of a patient's confidence are not always easy to make.

Lord Riddell cites several such awkward dilemmas. A doctor is consulted by an engine-driver who thinks he is suffering from nervous exhaustion. The doctor diagnoses G.P.I., and tells the patient he is not fit to drive. The patient disagrees. Is the doctor justified in reporting, or morally compelled to report, the matter to the railway company? A doctor is consulted by a wife who has procured an abortion and is seriously ill. What should the doctor say to the husband? A family doctor is consulted by a husband or wife suffering from syphilis. What are his respective duties to his patient and to his patient's spouse? One could multiply such instances *ad tedium*.

An interesting problem arises out of the giving of evidence by medical officers attached to V.D. clinics. The Public Health V.D. regulations of 1916 contain

the following instruction: "Article II. (2) All information obtained in regard to any person treated under a scheme approved in pursuance of this Article shall be regarded as confidential." Are our judges prepared to admit that these regulations are *intra vires*? If so, as Lord Riddell says, "it might well be contended that statutory secrecy had been established."

H. R.

LETTERS OF THE ANCIENTS

Private Letters: Pagan and Christian. Selected by Dorothy Brooke. Benn. 15s.

TO publish a collection of Greek and Roman "private" correspondence was a happy thought, and this book hardly needs the editor's apology. The Introduction, however, provides Lady Brooke with the opportunity of putting down on paper some of her excellent ideas in regard to letter writing in general and to these ancient letters in particular. "I hate letters that are called good letters," she quotes from Horace Walpole, as explanation for the appearance in her book of much that was written in the worst periods. The fascination of letters, she adds on her own account, "is the unconscious revelation, the unguarded word, the chance to catch a nearer glimpse of the august figures of the great, to peep and listen at a moment when they are thinking themselves safe from prying eyes and ears."

Plato is represented by the one of the thirteen letters once ascribed to him that is still regarded as genuine. It touches on finance and the dowries of his nieces. Alexander the Great receives a protest from an Indian sage against the violence which his friends have done to Indian philosophers. They may remove our bodies from place to place, "but our souls you will never compel to that which they do not will." The Greeks, says the same writer, "are busy with mere words, for the sake of publicity; with us words are the companions of deeds." There is the contrast here between mysticism which is a philosophy of practice and speculative thought proper. The force of it may still be felt, and there is much else in Lady Brooke's volume that is of value in the highest sense. Still, she is right in holding that of what she has gathered together the "illiterate" is as precious as anything else. In Rome especially letter writing was approached as an art, even when there was nothing to be said. The result was the "public and monumental"; Lady Brooke indicates her preference for the private and personal, even when it may contain nothing more than can be found in the earliest existing Greek letters—an enquiry after the health of those at home, a request for a rug, "as cheap as you can get it"; a boy's attempt to bully his father into buying him a lyre or the effusion of a prodigal son. "I know that I have sinned . . . (but) do you not know that I would rather be a cripple than have it on my mind that I still owe anyone a penny."

The letter remained a favourite literary form for the first five centuries of the Christian era, and proficiency in it was one of the ways to ecclesiastical preferment. St. Paul, as Lady Brooke reminds us, had sanctioned the form. Letters from saints and fathers of the Church occupy about sixty pages of her anthology. St. Augustine congratulates a correspondent on the access of worldly fortune. Sidonius gives a vivid description of a Provençal country-house party of the fifth century—an Indian summer, it seems, of the Western Empire. A priest is warned against religious dispute by the Pseudo-Dionysius who figured posthumously in so much theological controversy. St. Patrick, "a sinner and unlearned," writes angrily about the raids on

Ireland by an English King. St. Ambrose communicates in friendly fashions with Symmachus, one of the last of the pious pagans. Gregory of Nazianzus has a beautiful note on the death of Basil the Great, and can discourse with equal charm on theology, food and natural beauty. This Greek theologian writes always, as one might expect, like a gentleman; but indeed nearly all those early letters of ecclesiastics present themselves against a background of a genuinely liberal culture. It is significant that the first "strident" sound is heard in the far west—in St. Patrick's letter with which Lady Brooke so suitably ends her anthology.

CARLYLE DAY BY DAY

Carlyle to Threescore-and-ten (1853-1865). By David Alec Wilson. Kegan Paul. 18s.

THIS is the penultimate volume of Mr. Wilson's immense and very interesting survey of Carlyle. It is full of vivid things enlivened with shrewd comment. Whatever we may think of Carlyle's consistency or positive value as a moral teacher, we cannot deny him the vigour of language, self-confidence and outspokenness of a Hebrew prophet. By this time he had made his reputation and thundered or growled to an attentive audience. He attracted disciples of all sorts, including Ruskin and Emerson. With the latter he could not, however, reach intimacy, for both had unusual ideas of friendship, and Emerson was sadly inclined to optimism. Taken to low quarters in London and asked if he believed in the devil now, he did not rise, or sink, to the occasion, and he was still hopeful, after being conducted to the House of Commons to see "ae chiel getting up after anither and leeing and leeing."

Perhaps Mr. Wilson has got this characteristic story somewhere in his vast survey. It is given in Grant-Duff's 'Diaries,' which also tell us within the limits of this volume what Carlyle thought—more favourably than usual—of "Soapy Sam" after going with him to a dog-show, what the front room at 5 Cheyne Row looked like at a dinner-party in July, 1862, and a better epigram about the American Civil War than that given here. Grant-Duff is a lively and cultivated gossip worth looking into. All the visitors had to hear or ask about 'Frederick,' the *unexecutable* task of so many years, though the author was lucky in two excellent helpers. 'Frederick,' his last book, tried him excessively, and one wonders if he ever applied to his own household the remark of his favourite Goethe that "nothing flourishes by the side of a great work."

The atrabilious temper of the sage, who could praise so few and dismiss so many as worthless, grows, in truth, a little tedious, in spite of the vigour and felicity of his denunciations. Mrs. Carlyle must have been glad to see the end of 'Frederick.' She would have been remarkable in any society and was submerged in the repute of the gusty genius. It is likely that her trials were exaggerated, for she was an admirable talker and letter-writer, lending animation, as Mr. Wilson says, to any incident. The gems of this book are the severe and humorous account of household expenses she left for her husband to read and her interview, where he would have been useless, with the Income Tax Commissioners, gentry who never can realize that a man of letters may fail sometimes to earn anything. On the question of the relations between the married pair, Mr. Wilson clearly sides with the man and, having acquired Carlyle's way of patronizing, exclaims, "Poor Froude!" Decision on this vexed question is difficult, because Carlyle laughs at "his Goody" and she freely derides her

"Babe of Genius." One must see beyond the bearish exterior of the pessimistic sage to the passionate and generous nature which felt so deeply and helped the poor so generously.

The sparse attention paid to contemporary literature, much of which proved notable then and has remained so, is surprising at first sight. One has to realize that Carlyle, though far from orthodox, was a strayed Puritan, a serious soul for whom the art of fiction was fiddling nonsense and poetry a weariness. As for 'Frederick,' it is too long, we fear, for the present age, and the man who made Prussia great can hardly be welcomed for doing that to-day. The revival of Carlyle promised by the publishers may be a good guess or a bad one. If it comes, it will be largely due to the enthusiasm of Mr. Wilson. We note that the account of a visitor on p. 177 has already appeared on p. 152. The two mentions of Heyne, in spite of the index, appear to belong to different people. One is the editor of Virgil, the other and later possibly the poet Heine, who was much too flippant to please Thomas Carlyle.

JOHN KNOX

John Knox: Portrait of a Calvinist. By Edwin Muir. Cape. 12s. 6d.

MR. MUIR'S portrait of the reformer is the work of a man of letters, not of a professional historian, and in some ways this is a gain. Historians rarely write from a disinterested love of truth, and if other men are not exempt from the same malady, in them its forms are rather different. Mr. Muir can claim to have eschewed theological bias, and his portrait, if it exhibits an element of greatness in the subject, is as unflattering as verisimilitude requires.

As a youth Knox studied under Major of St. Andrews, the last of the schoolmen as he has been called, who taught the familiar medieval doctrine that a bad prince may be deposed. After half a lifetime as a Catholic priest Knox was converted to the doctrines of election, predestination and the rest. Thereafter his life is part of the history of the Reformation in Scotland. If we ask what his character was, we find, with Mr. Muir's help, the following material for our answer: he had an unexampled talent for sincere self-deception—a faculty sometimes useful to the controversialist; he approved of the murder of Rizzio, he wrote a witty account of the murder of Cardinal Beaton; in controversy with the Anabaptists he relied on the trick of finding the answer to all the puzzles that inhered in his conception of the Deity in the idea that contradictions were just one of the ways by which God enhanced His glory. Mr. Muir's final judgment is expressed as follows:

His greatness lay in two qualities: the inexhaustible vehemence of his powers and the constancy of his aim. The effect he had on men less unrelenting was like that of a wind, which blows with a steadfast violence, and by its persistence bends everything and keeps it bent. His will, like the *mistral*, had something in it unnatural and mechanical. It went on, as if independent of him, when his body was powerless and he was lying on his deathbed; it lived in his last gesture, the hand stubbornly upraised as he gave up his spirit.

Later Mr. Muir adds another touch to the picture in the passage where he writes:

What Knox really did was to rob Scotland of all the benefits of the Renaissance. Scotland never enjoyed these as England did and no doubt the lack of that immense advantage has had a permanent effect. It can be felt, I imagine, even at the present day.

Mr. Muir, it will be seen, has written an interesting essay which shows some real acuteness and penetration on a good example of the narrow-minded believer in an aristocracy of the elect.

DEATH MASKS

Undying Faces. By Ernst Benckard. With a note by Georg Kolbe. Translated from the German by Margaret M. Green. Hogarth Press. 30s.

THIS volume, which principally consists of over a hundred plates of death masks, is of immense interest. Surprisingly, we learn that it is the first work of its kind. Clearly it fills a gap, and fills it extremely well. The masks chosen for illustration date from the fifteenth to the twentieth century, and they are widely representative. Among them are the masks of Bernardino da Siena, Saint Antonino, Oliver Cromwell, Peter the Great, Swift, Lessing, Napoleon, Beethoven, Hegel, Dostoevsky, Wagner, Nietzsche, Tolstoy, and Lenin. Far the greatest number are of the nineteenth century. A note explaining the method of taking them rightly puts us on our guard in regard to two all-important considerations that need to be kept in mind if we are not to be misled by death masks. The first is that the impression of the face changes naturally at death. As the writer of the note puts it:

We say that death is a deliverance. And it is true that the last breath is followed almost immediately by an unearthly smile. Freed from all suffering, achievement! To die seems thus a fulfilment, a consummation, the most exalted moment in life. So long as the blood is just warm and the muscles yet in action, the face is transfigured as if in a final glow of youth.

Secondly, it has to be remembered how much alteration may be due to "arrangement."

A useful historical sketch is prefixed. The death mask is as old as antiquity, but its revival seems due to the Renaissance. At first it was a by-product of the funeral rites of kings, the mask being taken simply to aid in the construction of an *effigies*. Then at the end of the eighteenth century it came to be used because of a new attitude of mind, a sense of the dignity of a human being. The author of this sketch, in transcendental mood, calls a death mask a transcendental object. As already noted, all the masks illustrated are of great interest. Among them the present writer has found of exceptional interest those of Lessing, Hegel, Napoleon and "L'Inconnue de la Seine."

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NEW FICTION

BY L. P. HARTLEY

All Kneeling. By Anne Parrish. Benn. 7s. 6d.
Middle Distance. By Oliver Martin. Benn.

7s. 6d.

A Charmed Circle. By Helen Ferguson. Cape.
 7s. 6d.

Theresa. The Story of a Woman's Life. By
 Arthur Schnitzler. Constable. 7s. 6d.

'ALL KNEELING' is a satire on a certain phase of American life written by an American. Christabel Caine comes of a Quaker family. From a child she loves the limelight, and dramatizes her life. Luckily for her she is able to make others take part in the drama; a whole circle of admirers believe implicitly in the unselfishness and saintly character of the young poetess. Her verse, so full of yearning, is thought by her adorers to mirror her state of mind; in her diary she credits herself with the most beautiful sentiments.

She deceives herself completely; this, and the fact of her beauty, enable her to keep her audience at her feet, and capture and retain the most eligible young man among them. Even the reader, who knows that she is really hard and cold and calculating, does not altogether escape her spell. Miss Parrish's writing maintains a high level of accomplishment; the book goes on oiled wheels, it never gropes or stumbles or falters, but provides a continuous entertainment. But in spite of its deftness it is not merely a superficial study. Christabel is a figure in the round; if she is thwarted, if her vanity is touched, if the idea she has formed of herself is in the slightest degree disturbed, she suffers intensely. Miss Parrish's shafts of satire find a flesh-and-blood victim, not a stuffed dummy. The trouble is, they fly too thick and are too much of a pattern. Old pictures of S. Sebastian show him transfixed by three or four arrows, rarely by more. Miss Parrish's Christabel is riddled by them, and as the story progresses they lose their effectiveness.

Mr. Oliver Martin's satire, though much less brilliant, is more subtle and discreetly employed. His subject is Chelsea in the 'nineties. In the foreground are a clergyman, his wife and daughter, poor, genteel, overtaxed by parish cares and social observances. Round them are grouped the parishioners who attend Mrs. Radbrooke's "Wednesdays," most important of whom are the two young men who aspire to the hand of her daughter Elspeth, one brusque, poor, slovenly and socialistic, the other artistic, rich, well-mannered and over-dressed. He, alas! turns out, in spite of his fine plumage, to be the son of a grocer, and in a rather absurd scene is shown the door by Elspeth's angry father, who reproaches the young man with having won their confidence by false pretences. This is difficult to swallow, even as a phenomenon of the "middle distance." Mr. Martin's sense of his period is on the whole exceedingly keen, though throughout it is the Victorian, not the decadent, 'nineties that he has in mind. How skilfully he suggests the isolation of Chelsea from London! He never labours points of difference between now and then; he leads the imagination by the hand; but reading his pages, one could never, mentally, switch on the electric light or telephone for a taxi.

Mr. Martin is excellent in those departments of novel-writing in which effort avails the author nothing. He makes no attempt, for instance, to explain away the self-contradictions and inconsistencies with which his characters abound; he gives them full freedom of action, and, so presented, their waywardness convinces: analysis or comment would make

it seem unreal. Their natures are mixed, but never muddled or blurred. He is by no means impartial towards his creations, however. His prejudice against the Radbrookes, at first softened by pity (Mrs. Radbrooke is an excellent study of a nature soured by petty anxieties and cares) deepens almost into hatred. 'Middle Distance' has the limpness of a book written instinctively and without fixed plan: and it drifts until the end, when the mind is called in to do its best with a rather helpless situation. This limpness, which is particularly in evidence in the dialogue, prevents it from being a first-rate novel. But it is an unpretentious and interesting one, with many pleasant touches:

Mr. Tresser tasted his port, and looked round the room, as if inviting the pictures to note how difficult it was to make his son speak the truth.

Miss Ferguson's book also has an original theme. The charmed circle which gives it its name centres in an old disused rectory, inhabited by a retired doctor, his wife and three children, all different from one another and all hostile to one another. But they are inextricably bound to their common life as by a magic spell. Unlike in other ways, they are alike in their inability to live apart from each other or to share the life of ordinary people. And though the children all try to break away into marriage or independent professions, they fail, and in the end we find them wretched and reunited in the charmed circle. The story is a genuine imaginative conception, but alas! the execution is not worthy of it. We do not feel the peculiar and mysterious atmosphere of the house. It seems much like any other house, though not a very agreeable one; and the family too, though inconsequent and ill-tempered, show no quality so sensational as to cut them off from the society of mankind. And the story has a more serious technical defect. The children are represented as returning home under the compelling pressure of the charmed circle. But as a matter of fact they do come in consequence of fortuitous circumstances, a lovers' quarrel, a disagreement with an employer. If these had not happened, there is no reason to suppose they would have come home at all.

Those who, following the career of Schnitzler's heroine from situation to situation, and from lover to lover, look for some point, or some considered development, in her melancholy history, will be disappointed. The book is, in the words of its sub-title, the story of a woman's life. What a woman, and what a life. As in much of Schnitzler's work, the first and most powerful impression is one of squalor. Theresa is the creature of circumstance; at the bidding of circumstance she becomes governess to about fifteen families, mistress to about fifteen men, and mother to (only one) miserable child; an ungrateful little wretch who ultimately does her the one kindness she receives: he kills her. But this again was a mistake, he only wanted to rob her.

Dreariness could go no further. Even Theodore Dreiser, whose Jenny Gerhardt has much in common with Theresa, does not portray existence in drabber colours. He is harder, however. The world of Schnitzler's conception is a soft world, which engulfs and suffocates, but does not bruise and break. It is only gradually that one realizes the nobility of Theresa's character. Her repellent promiscuity is only the defect and excess of her generosity; her misfortunes come from her selflessness. Her efforts to conform to the requirements of an indifferent world, to make a living for herself and her child, gradually, win one's admiration—an admiration that the author, by direct appeal, does nothing to provoke—and leave the reader, to his surprise, with an impression of heroism.

SHORTER NOTICES

The Roman Campagna and its Treasures. By Gilbert Bagnani. Methuen. 10s. 6d.

FOR some centuries the Campagna has been ill-famed—a desolate waste, a nest of malarial fevers, infested by brigands. Earlier still it had been one of the richest parts of Italy; in classic times covered with the palaces, villas and the temples of the Roman great; in the Middle Ages its lands divided between great nobles in their strongholds and rich monasteries; in the Renaissance dotted over with famous villas and enchanted gardens. Now the Campagna is reviving once more, malaria is almost banished and the plough and the tractor are reviving agriculture and obliterating the traces of the past. Railways and the motor have made its remotest recesses accessible to the tourist taking Rome as his centre, and hardly anywhere else will the educated visitor find such variety of entertainment for eye and memory as here. S. Bagnani has arranged his book more or less according to the great roads from Rome, and has given a very full account in his 300 pages of the cities and buildings to be seen from them. As far as we have tested his statements, they are in accordance with the latest authorities, and in his notes he refers to books which treat more fully of the history of each place. His book will be useful to all visitors to Rome who have a few days to spare.

Religion and the Rise of Capitalism. By R. H. Tawney. Murray. 6s.

MR. TAWNEY is recognized as one of the most vital of living English historians and the appearance of a cheaper edition of his most considerable historical work within three years of its original publication is an event to comment on and draw attention to, and to salute with praise. It had and has what a contemporary called "an actual as well as an historical interest." We may bluntly add that it is a work which calls for what so many people are apt to regard as the extreme step of actually buying a book. It corrects many old errors: that of regarding medieval thinking as wholly incompatible with certain business developments; and the often associated error of thinking the reformers wholly favourable to an unlicensed economic individualism. At the same time it reveals the core of truth in these distorted versions, or better, the truth which these distorted accounts partly but do not wholly conceal. The transition from medieval to modern modes of economic thought has been slow and indirect. When its full implications are grasped there is an almost inevitable recoil. Life is more than livelihood and the attempt to affirm this is perhaps the deepest note of our time; this book is itself a sign of it. Mr. Tawney tries to see things as a whole, a task the historian so frequently shirks. But Mr. Tawney has done very much more, for in a large measure he has succeeded.

Kings, Churchills, and Statesmen. By Knut Hagberg. Translated by Elizabeth Sprigge and Claude Napier. The Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.

MANY of Mr. Hagberg's English readers will remember the mild excitement in the early years of this century when it was announced that Mr. W. T. Stead was about to visit his first theatre and write a criticism of it. They will remember also the disappointment when this criticism, instead of being fresh and unconventional and inspiring, such as might have been expected from an intelligent outsider, consisted of precisely the kind of obvious commentary that a tired veteran among dramatic critics might have written on his "off" night. Mr. Knut Hagberg is a young Swedish writer of distinction, who has been studying English conditions for some years past. But the truth is that he has nothing to say about Queen Victoria, King Edward VII, Mr. Winston Churchill and his father, Mr. Lloyd George and the rest, which has not already been said, in other words, by Englishmen. His observations are sound rather than exciting. If the sole intention was to provide an accurate picture for Swedish readers, he has done very well; and perhaps that was all he meant, in the first instance. Translated into English, however, the book seems a little thin.

Aspects of Elizabethan Imagery. By Elizabeth Holmes. Oxford: Blackwell. 7s. 6d.

MISS HOLMES traces the development of "metaphysical" imagery from the time of Lyly and Marlowe. The beginnings and even some development of metaphysical poetry are found in Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatic poets, and this is true of both the senses in which the term metaphysical is used in literary criticism. A modest disclaimer of anything more than a brief survey serves to underline the well-documented, careful and ingenious character of this essay. Shakespeare, Chapman, Marston, Tourneur and Webster are chiefly considered and the result is of great interest and value.

Green Envelopes. Murray. 5s.

THIS is a story by an anonymous writer of an English village community that went to the war with the local yeomanry. It is told through the letters home of the various members—the fox-

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BOOKS WANTED

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hunting squire, his groom, gardener and footman, the farmer, the schoolmaster, the curate, etc.—posted in the once familiar green "Active Service" envelopes that give the book its name. As a story it suffers from the disjointedness that narration by this method usually creates. But as a picture of the feudal life of the English village so common up to 1914, and even now far from extinct, it is not lacking in charm and interest. It is rather a shock to realize that this book, which carries such a quaint old-world air with it, is a perfectly accurate description of a typical squire and his village "family" as they existed less than fifteen years ago. Nothing could illustrate better the fundamental change in outlook that has occurred in that short time. Those that love the old, pre-war England will revel in it.

The Alchemy Murder. By Peter Oldfield. Constable. 7s. 6d.

THIS book opens with the discovery of a battered corpse in the upper berth of a sleeping car running through France into Switzerland and the arrest of an English ex-officer for the murder. For a while things look black for the accused, but the advent of the great Paris detective puts a different complexion on the case, and the victim turns out to be a Scottish millionaire, interested in many great enterprises, whose face had been mutilated to make him unrecognizable. His only daughter succeeds to his wealth, to the purpose which had brought him to Switzerland, and to the enmity he had suffered from. Attempted abduction, both of herself and of the young Englishman, follow—with small clue to the reason or the perpetrator, till in due time the reason for the whole series of apparently motiveless crimes is cleared up and a very good detective story is brought to a close.

The Lawless Frontier. By Mary Gaunt. Benn. 7s. 6d.

THIS is a story of a wild corner of Abyssinia, told by one who knows Africa and the Africans well and has proved her powers as an adventurous traveller and an able writer. The story centres round the building of the great dam which is to collect the water of the highlands for the use of the Sudan; one party trying to prevent the possibility of its building by any means, fair or foul, the other working to neutralize their efforts. Two Englishwomen, one of them outside the pale, the other a young woman of character and birth, and a child of appalling freedom of speech give the romantic interest to a first-rate story of adventure with a background of savage cruelty and wild natural beauty.

THE QUARTERLIES

The *Quarterly Review* opens its 501st number with a retrospect of its career; its signal services to literature and to Conservatism need no commendation. Mr. Morris treats the question of literary censorship, and feels that the law as applied in *The Queen v. Hickling*, the leading case on the subject of obscene publications, needs amendment. Mr. Phayre shows how America has subject races in revolt; Sir A. Macphail writes on Boswell apropos of Johnson's letters; Dr. Bevan reviews the life of Josephus, and reconstructs the circumstances in which his works were written; Mr. Roche points out that medical men are trained to diagnose diseases, not to cure patients; Miss Ramsay complains that the Hammonds misjudge her; and Mr. Horace Hutchinson has a lively article on 'Detective Fiction,' which he traces back to Poe. He might have remembered Voltaire's tale of the lost camel, which is clearly an ancestor.

The *Edinburgh Review* opens with a detailed account of the new constitution of Italy. Mr. H. G. Burton makes Sir A. Stein's recent work on Aornos the text of a history of the N.W. Frontier and its invaders. Mr. Robinson retells the history of the triumphs of the Zoo, and Mr. Nazaroff gives a valuable account of the Scythians of old historians who are really the Kirghiz of to-day. 'Mirage and Mechanization' warns us that efficient machines are useless without man-power behind them—the infantry soldier wins the war. Mrs. Bryden recounts the history of 'Big Game Hunting' from Gordon Cumming to the motor-car; and Mr. Talbot contributes a number of new observations on folk-lore in 'The Earth Goddess Cult in Nigeria.'

The *Criterion* describes a new international competition for literary fiction, calls attention to the Dolmetsch Foundation and to the opportunity that leisure will give to the Conservative Party for thinking. Mr. More seeks 'An Absolute and Authoritative Church,' and does not find it in Rome or in Protestantism, while Mr. Tate exposes 'The Fallacy of Humanism' and its exponents, Mr. Forster and Mr. More. Mr. J. M. Robertson deals faithfully with Mr. Hubert Griffith's ideas of Shakespeare scansion, Mr. W. E. Lawrence thinks that the pirates of the first quarto 'Hamlet' may have been the Hertford players, and Mr. Charles Smyth deals with historical biography as written by M. Maurois and by Mr. Lytton Strachey, whose style, sense of humour, and sniggers at religion offend him. The Foreign Periodicals of this number are Russian.

The *New Adelphi* contains 'Second Thoughts on Humanism,' by Mr. T. S. Eliot, in which he criticizes Mr. Forster and lays down the functions of true Humanism as he conceives them.

Mr. Murry writes on the common basis of poetry and religion as exemplified by Keats and the Gospels. Mr. H. S. Salt in 'The Huntsman at Bay' inveighs against cruelty and the fashion of "blooding." Miss Dorothy Richardson is amusing in 'Leadership in Marriage,' and a review of Mr. D. H. Lawrence's 'Lady Chatterley's Lover' seeks to isolate the essential part of his doctrine. The Notes on Shakespeare deal with 'King John.'

The *Print Collectors' Quarterly* opens with a study of the Master M Z, who is a South German painter who sometimes engraves on copper and worked in Bavaria. Mr. Bushnell compiles a list of eighteenth-century Scottish engravers; Mr. Popham describes some etchings of Margaret of Austria, and Mr. Laver deals with the etchings of Charles S. Cheston—landscapes.

The *British Museum Quarterly* has now reached its fourth volume. It contains descriptions and figures of recent acquisitions, including some painted pebbles from the Mas d'Azil—the only ones in England. It is an invaluable guide in this respect to the novelties in the Museum.

Antiquity has a paper on the origin and purpose of a number of dykes, such as Offa's Dyke, the Devil's Dyke, Grim's Dyke. The author, Mr. Cyril Fox, considers them to be all post-Roman and defensive. Mr. Burkitt describes some late rock carvings in the Italian Alps, Mr. W. J. Hemp some Hill forts at Mongo in Eastern Spain, and Mr. Christopher Hawkes uses air-photographs to elucidate the story of the siege of Masada in Josephus, and brings out some points in the lay-out of a Roman camp. The new method of deciphering palimpsests is described in the Notes. A paper on the Wharfedale lynchets suggests that the strip lynchets are the Anglian common-fields of the seventh to ninth centuries, the rectangular lynchets dating from the early Iron Age to Roman times.

Art Work contains some recollections of the Slade School by Prof. William Rothenstein, a lecture by Turner on Landscape, a paper by Sir Reginald Blomfield on South German Baroque, studies of Rembrandt and Rubens, of Suspension Bridges, etc. There are fifty illustrations of all kinds—the Rossetti drawing (p. 82) and the Nicholson portrait of the Webbs being prominent.

The *Fighting Forces* always contains something new. 'The Requisite Naval Officer' gives a new and full view of what is required to-day of the naval officer. There are two special papers on air-warfare, an amusing article on Territorial Training, and a number of short stories and sketches by service men. We like the lady who thought the finest sight in India was "the Agha Khan by moonlight."

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STRATEGY AND THE AMERI-
CAN WAR. By B. H. Liddell-
Hart
THE CATHEDRALS AND RE-
FORM. By the Rev. James Wall
DETECTIVE FICTION. By
Horace G. Hutchinson
THE PACIFIC CABLE
THE SUPPRESSION OF WAR.
By T. Baty, LL.D.
SOME RECENT BOOKS

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RESERVE FUND	-	10,250,000
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The *Countryman* gives us a second part of the 'Gravedigger's Diary, 1763-1831'; a notice of the Tolpuddle Martyrs, drawn from letters lately received by the British Museum; a further instalment of 'What Country Folk are Reading,' and principally and chiefly a set of 32 candid views by agricultural authorities of the highest responsibility on 'What can be done for Farming?'—the writers' names being given but not affixed to their particular contribution.

The *Bermondsey Book* contains Mr. Galsworthy's address on 'Man and Beast'; reminiscences of Elkin Matthews and his circle by Mr. Lewis May; a fragment of an autobiography—the fall from Jesus, Cambridge, to a Salvation Army Home; 'In Defence of the Critic,' by Mr. G. F. Lamb; and letters from Berlin, Rome, Paris and Vancouver.

Science Progress has papers on the theory of coral reefs by Prof. W. M. Davis (controversial), the discovery of the laws of gases, on synthetic perfumes, and on the cuckoo. The latter paper is full of observation on cuckoo calls, where it lays its eggs and how, whether it carries its eggs in its bill, and how the young cuckoo gets rid of other eggs in the nest—with photographs. Mr. Malcolm Watson demonstrates the need of mosquito extermination in Bombay.

The *Hibbert Journal* contains an account of one of the substitutes for religion which came into being during the French Revolution, Theophilanthropy, a sort of theistic ethical society which became the church of the Directory, occupied fourteen churches in Paris, and was suppressed by Napoleon in 1801. The Bishop of Exeter writes on Darwinism, Dr. Schweitzer tells what part Goethe has taken in his life, and Mr. J. A. Hobson writes on 'Co-operative Welfare.'

The *Journal of Philosophical Studies* has papers by Sir Herbert Samuel on Free Will, by Mr. R. G. Collingwood on subject in Art, by Prof. Weldon Carr on the New Cosmogony, and by Prof. Leonard Russell on 'Science in Practice.'

Foreign Affairs (New York) contains a review of international politics by M. Poincaré up to the Young plan; an account of Marshal Foch by Gen. Bliss, chief of the U.S.A. staff; a study of Vatican policy in its recent concordats, by "Pertinax"—M. André Géraud; an enquiry into the international implications of the Federal Reserve Policy; papers on Haiti; the Senate and the World Court, Jugo-Slavia, China, and a consideration of an American substitute for British blockades under the Covenant of the League of Nations.

The *Slavonic Review* opens with an account of the conditions in which the United States trades with Soviet Russia without recognition; and three other papers deal with Russian political problems past and present. An article on Slavs and Russians as seen by Mohammedan writers is worth special notice: there is a sketch of the history of 'Good King Wenceslas' in view of his millenary; and Mr. Carr reviews the relations between Turgeniev and Dostoyevsky in the light of our recent knowledge. A fine translation of Alexander Blok's great poem, 'The Twelve,' is of permanent interest. The Chronicle and the specialist reviews are excellent.

The *Church Quarterly* has a paper 'Concerning Richard Rolle' by Miss Hodgeson, a really fine piece of criticism, and Mr. Barker writes on 'The Religious Motive in Lyrical Poetry,' as seen in the light of the Abbé Bremond's thought. Dr. Ragg describes the relations of Church and State in Italy, past and present, and Dr. Vial writes on the Canadian Church.

NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

Where a book is not yet published, the date of publication is added in parentheses.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

- THE DIARY OF THE REV. DR. WILLIAM JONES. Edited by O. F. Christie. Brentano's. 21s.
HISTORY OF THE POPES. By Dr. L. Pastor. Volume XVIII. Kegan Paul. 15s.
EMPIRE TO COMMONWEALTH. By Walter Phelps Hall. Cape. 15s.

VERSE AND DRAMA

- POEMS AND ESSAYS IN CONSCIOUSNESS. By Alfred Hitch. Stockton, California: Hitch.
WREN'S NEST, AND OTHER POEMS. By T. Y. Cooper. Hanover: Picket Press.
FRANÇOIS AND KATHERINE. By G. Laurence Groom. Scholartis Press. 7s. 6d.
THE GLADES OF GLENBELLA. By Alexander Somerton. Ingpen and Grant. 5s.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

- THE GROWTH OF REASON. By Frank Lorimer. Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d.
THE MIDDLE-CLASS CHRISTIANS. By Harold B. Shephard. Allen and Unwin. 3s. 6d.
A PREFACE TO MORALS. By Walter Lippmann. Allen and Unwin. 10s.

SPORT AND TRAVEL

- ROD AND LINE. By Arthur Ransome. Cape. 7s. 6d. (July 22.)
BURFORD PAST AND PRESENT. By M. Sturge Gretton. Secker. 7s. 6d.
STILL WANDERING. By Rathmell Wilson. The Caxton Bookshop. 4s.

FICTION

- FRENCH LOVE. By Herbert Moore Pim. Palmer. 7s. 6d.
THE DARK RIVER. By Norman Springer. Murray. 7s. 6d.
FOOLS' PURGATORY. By Aylmer Hunter. Murray. 7s. 6d.
IN THE LONG RUN. By Godwin Kompers. Methuen. 7s. 6d.
WINDFALL'S EVE. By E. V. Lucas. Methuen. 7s. 6d.
PALE WARRIORS. By David Hamilton. Cape. 7s. 6d. (July 28.)
RED HARVEST. By Dashiell Hammet. Knopf. 7s. 6d.
DUCHESS LAURA. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. Ward Lock. 7s. 6d.
THE LORD OF MAUFRY. By C. M. Edmonston and M. L. F. Hyde. Religious Tract Society. 3s. 6d.
THE HEAVENLY MAID. By Olga Raster. Stanley Paul. 7s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS

- MADNESS IN SHAKESPEARIAN TRAGEDY. By H. Somerville. Richards. 6s.
THE NATURALIST IN LA PLATA. By W. H. Hudson. Dent. 6s.
THE MILLION CASE. By Samuel Klaus. Routledge. 15s.
BODILY CHANGES. By Walter B. Cannon. Appleton. 12s. 6d.
WHAT CHEER? Compiled by Ralph Front. Werner Laurie. 6s.
THE POISON OF PRUDERY. By Walter M. Gallichan. Werner Laurie. 7s. 6d.
LADS AFOOT. By Gordon Lee. Guildford: Wodeland Publications. 2s. 6d.
AN APPROACH TO POETRY. By Phosphor Mallam. Methuen. 3s. 6d.
NUDITY IN MODERN LIFE. By Maurice Parmelee. Douglas. 12s. 6d.
THE NEW COMPANY LAW. By Herbert W. Jordan. Jordan. 4s.
DRAWINGS AND PAINTINGS. By Joan Manning-Sanders. Faber and Faber. 21s.
THE MORAL DEBT OF A PROUD NATION. By Alfred Barnard. Barnard's Press. 3s. 6d. and 2s.

TRANSLATIONS

- LIFE AND WORK IN PREHISTORIC TIMES. By G. Renard. Translated by R. T. Clark. Kegan Paul. 12s. 6d.
THE WIDOW LEROUGE. By Emile Gaboriau. Gollancz. 3s. 6d.

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Mrs. Belloc Lowndes here returns to her earlier manner. . . . "Barbara Rebell," "The Pulse of Life," etc., and in this picture of a section of English social life, seldom treated with any sense of reality, the writer shows a strain of delightful humour which will surprise those of her readers who are only acquainted with her grim studies of criminal humanity.

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THE CITY

Lombard Street, Thursday

ALTHOUGH Mr. Samuel Courtauld, at the annual meeting of Courtaulds Limited last March, warned his shareholders of the difficulties that the Rayon industry was experiencing, and although dealers in Courtauld shares in the Stock Exchange had foreshadowed that last year's interim dividend of 5 per cent. free of tax would not be repeated, the announcement of the dividend of 4 per cent. free of tax led to further marking down of Courtauld shares.

When I have referred to Courtaulds in these notes I have always described them as a thoroughly sound industrial investment to be locked away for a period of years to show the holder substantial capital appreciation, and this insignificant reduction in the interim dividend, it is suggested, in no way need cause holders any real anxiety. Those responsible for the management of this great company always adopt an exceptionally conservative attitude in the matter of disbursements, and the fact that they have deemed it wise to bring home to their shareholders the difficult times through which the Rayon industry is passing is in keeping with their past policy: it does not necessarily foreshadow a decrease in their final dividend.

It is interesting to note that the Courtauld dividend declaration synchronized with the approval of the German Glanzstoff Company to the merger between their Company and the Dutch Enka Company. Although Courtauld's position in the Rayon industry remains unchallenged, this big continental amalgamation is a factor that cannot be ignored, even though close working agreements have hitherto existed between these two companies. The moment seems opportune to draw attention once more to the desirability of a similar arrangement being reached between Courtaulds and the British Celanese Company. There appears little doubt that both companies are suffering from the wasteful competition that exists between them, and, further, that the sale of Rayon at remunerative prices is not assisted by the number of new small companies started during recent years which, although they may be marketing in insignificant amounts individually, must in the aggregate have an effect on the selling price.

Some time ago negotiations were said to be proceeding between several of the small producers with the idea of their amalgamating, but no official news has been issued, and one is left to wonder whether the scheme has been abandoned or if negotiations are still proceeding. Meanwhile, the desirability of at all events a working agreement between Courtaulds and British Celanese appears so obvious that one can only wonder why it has not been achieved. It is felt that those who control these two companies are big enough to sink past differences, when the welfare of what should prove an important industry in this country is at stake. It is appreciated that neither company would care to be the first in approaching the other one. Surely there exists some neutral financier who could open *pourparlers* with both parties simultaneously. I urge this step not in the interests of the shareholders of one company or the other but for the good of the industry as a whole and for the employment which it gives.

ROYAL MAIL

The uneasiness which was being felt at the continued fall in price of Royal Mail Stock was augmented by the knowledge of the difference of opinion between Lord St. Davids, Trustee for the Debenture holders, and Lord Kysant, Chairman of the Company. No useful purpose can be served by enlarging on this subject, but the position is bound to cause anxiety to holders.

CITY OF BUDAPEST

New issues have of late been receiving scant support from investors. The latest example of this is afforded by the fact that it is understood that underwriters have had to take up some 80 per cent. of the issue of £500,000 7½ per cent. Sterling Bonds of the City of Budapest Municipal Savings Bank which were offered last week at £96 10s. Dealings have opened at a discount, but even so it is difficult to see the attraction of these Bonds when the City of Budapest 4½ per cent. Loan of 1914 is procurable in the neighbourhood of 57. It must be remembered that holders of this Loan are only receiving 75 per cent. of their 4½ per cent., but after next year the full 4½ per cent. will be paid. In view of the fact that the City of Budapest Loan is exceptionally well secured and that in due course a sinking fund will be operative, at the present level it appears one of the most attractive foreign bonds for mixing purposes.

OLYMPIA LTD.

At the time of the issue of the Prospectus, I was optimistic about the preference shares of Olympia Limited, a company formed to acquire the famous exhibition hall. At the statutory meeting held last week, the Chairman referred to the fact that the policy of the Board would be to enter into an agreement of leases for a fixed term of years with their tenants, and with this object in view they have concluded arrangements with the Overseas Trade Department of the British Government, the Society of Motor Manufacturers, as with the Ideal Home Exhibition, the Royal Tournament and others. The Company do not propose to promote or take part in any exhibitions or entertainments but to carry on business as a property company.

Olympia 7 per cent. preference shares can be acquired in the neighbourhood of 18s. 6d., and in view of the company's assured income for many years, these preference shares certainly appear in their class well worth locking away while procurable at a discount.

HYDRO-ELECTRICS

An outstanding feature this week has been provided by the rise in the price of the shares of Hydro-Electric Securities Corporation, which have risen some \$10 in price since attention was drawn to them in these notes a fortnight ago. This rise in Hydro-Electrics is due to belated recognition that the Trust's assets in the form of substantial share holdings in several American Utility Companies have enjoyed remarkable capital appreciation during recent months. It is a little difficult to decide whether this upward movement in American Utilities will eventually prove to be justified, but as at the moment there is no sign of any substantial permanent setback, shareholders in Hydro-Electrics, it would appear, need be in no hurry to sell their shares.

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CANADIAN PACIFICS

Attention has frequently been drawn in these notes in the past to the shares of the Canadian Pacific Railway as suitable media for permanent investment. An interesting feature this week has been the further rise in the price of these shares. Holders, it is suggested, should not be tempted to take the very substantial capital appreciation that their holdings must entail, as these shares over a period of years should register further advance, and although the yield is small, periodical issues of fresh capital are made on bonus terms, which adds to the attraction of these shares from an investor's point of view.

TIN

Another step has been taken in the efforts that are being made to stabilize the price of tin. A Tin Producers' Association has been formed and its inaugural meeting was held last week. These tin negotiations are being shrouded in considerable mystery, and one hopes that those concerned are not finding difficulty in obtaining adequate support for their schemes. It is a little surprising as wild fluctuations in the price of the metal must prove detrimental to both producer and consumer, and a movement such as the one referred to above should certainly prove beneficial to both classes.

RUBBER

Although the improvement in rubber has not been entirely maintained, considerably more optimism characterizes the rubber share market on the Stock Exchange, where the opinion is freely expressed that the worst has been seen in the rubber industry. Although no sensational rise in rubber shares is anticipated in the near future, those who possess the necessary patience and who lock away real first-class

rubber shares should reap a substantial reward by the end of next year. Those who do not wish to take the speculative risk that an out-and-out purchase of rubber shares entails should consider the desirability of selecting Rubber Trust shares, the interests of which are by no means limited to the rubber industry but which would certainly participate if that market once more monopolizes general attention.

COVENT GARDEN PROPERTIES

The report and balance sheet of Covent Garden Properties Company, Limited, for the year ended June 30, 1929, discloses a net revenue of £315,918. The deferred ordinary shares are to receive a dividend at the rate of ten per cent. per annum less tax. The balance sheet of the company shows that its finances are in a liquid condition, £600,377 (of which over £500,000 represents sales completed immediately before the end of the company's financial year) being deposited with the Trustees for debenture holders, who have, pending reinvestment, placed this sum on deposit with their bankers. Shareholders have every reason to be satisfied with this balance sheet.

KIA-ORA

It is understood that in the near future the public are to be invited to subscribe for 820,000 shares of 10s. each in Kia-Oru Limited at 12s. per share. This company is acquiring the undertaking of Kia-Oru Limited, incorporated in Australia, which company specializes in the manufacture and sale of Kia-Oru fruit juices in various parts of the world. The business is a sound one, and substantial profits have been earned in the past. It appears that these 10s. shares will be well worth applying for when the prospectus is issued.

TAURUS

YOUR INVESTMENT PROBLEMS

Inquiries on all matters of Stocks and Shares are promptly replied to in the daily "Answers" column of

The Financial News

The advice given is positive and impartial, and aims solely at furthering the interests of investors.

Address your queries to The Editor,

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DAILY, TWOPENCE

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£410,000

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OF

817,993 SHARES of 10s. each at 12s. per Share

will be made on TUESDAY NEXT, July 23rd, 1929.

The Company is acquiring the assets and undertaking of KIA-ORA Limited, together with the right to manufacture and sell Kia-Ora Fruit Juices throughout most of the world, except Australasia.

In view of the steadily increasing consumption of non-alcoholic beverages of all kinds, and of the commanding strength of the position of the business, coupled with the potentialities for the development of the undertaking abroad, it is believed that the business should continue to expand and that a corresponding increase in profits should accrue.

PROFITS:

The certified net profits for the year ended the 30th September, 1928, amounted to £62,667, and after allowing for Directors' Fees and Managing Director's remuneration, as at present chargeable, the balance available would be £56,521, which is equivalent to 14% on the issued share capital.

On the basis of the turnover for the first nine months of the current financial year ending 30th September, 1929, the profits for the year, as computed above, are estimated to amount to £72,000. The net profits, after paying Directors' Fees and Managing Director's remuneration, should be not less than £65,000, representing a return of 16% on the issued share capital.

Copies of the offer for sale and Forms of Application are now available from:—

COUTTS & CO., 15, Lombard Street, London, E.C.3, and Branches; MIDLAND BANK LTD., 5, Threadneedle Street, London, E.C.2, and Branches; NORTH OF SCOTLAND BANK LTD., 3/4 Lothbury, London, E.C.2, and Branches; J. SILVERSTON & CO., 4, Copthall Court, London, E.C.2; CRICHTON BROS. & TOWNLEY, 13, Castle Street, Liverpool; T. & F. MORRIS, 10, Norfolk Street, Manchester; WRIGHTON, RIDDIFORD & CO., 33, Great Charles Street, Birmingham; and Stock Exchanges;

—and from—

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ACROSTICS

PUBLISHERS' PRIZE

The firms whose names are printed on the Competition Coupon offer a Weekly Prize in our Acrostic Competition—a book reviewed, at length or briefly, in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the Acrostic appears. (Books mentioned in 'New Books at a Glance' are excluded: they may be reviewed later.)

RULES

1. The book must be chosen when the solution is sent.
2. It must be published by a firm in the list on the coupon, its price must not exceed a guinea, and it must not be one of an edition sold only in sets.
3. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.
4. Envelopes must be marked "Acrostic" and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.
5. Solutions must reach us not later than the Thursday following the date of publication.
6. Ties will be decided by lot.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 383

(CLOSING DATE: First post Thursday, July 25).

TWO WINGED ONES—BEASTIE SMALL, AND NOBLE BIRD
EXTINCT IN ENGLAND; BUT, AS I HAVE HEARD,
IT ONCE WAS COMMON UPON SALISBURY PLAIN.
THE BEASTIE EATS THE GNATS THAT CAUSE US PAIN.

1. Pastime of Kings, and mean men not a few.
2. Frequent in China: we can boast ours too.
3. This follows, sir,—deny it if you can!
4. For me was Samuel touched by good Queen Anne.
5. To him the Sphinx presents an easy riddle.
6. Of shirt-sleeve's end you'll now extract the middle.
7. One-half of this schismatic shall content us.
8. No stranger beast New Holland ever sent us.
9. Foe to refreshing calm and soothing quiet.
10. Gold-jacketed, this article of diet.
11. The story of his life he puts in writing.
12. By killing flies, against it you are fighting.

Solution of Acrostic No. 381

F rontigna C¹ ¹ Also spelt Frontignan.
A rchduk E
H omespu N
R aimen T
E r In
N ursin G
H examete R
E quiv Alent
I racun D ² Truffles grow underground. Pigs and dogs
T ruffl E² are trained to find them.

ACROSTIC NO. 381.—The winner is "Carlton," Viscount Doneraile, 91 Victoria Street, S.W.1, who has chosen as his prize 'Administrative Law,' by Frederick John Port, published by Longmans and reviewed by us on July 6. Two other competitors named this book, 27 selected 'José Antonio Pérez,' 24 'Five Queer Women,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—E. Barrett, J. A. G. Beaumont, C. C. J., Chailey, Clam, Sir Reginald Egerton, Fossil, Hanworth, H. C. M., Jeff, Met, G. W. Miller, N. O. Sellam, Sisyphus, Stucco, Capt. W. R. Wolseley, Yendu, Zyk.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—A. E., Armadale, A. de V. Blathwayt, Bolo, Boote, Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Boskerris, Charles G. Box, Mrs. J. Butler, Ceyx, J. Chambers, Chip, J. R. Cripps, Dhualt, D. L., Dolmar, Ursula D'Ot, M. East, Elizabeth, Farsdon, Cyril E. Ford, G. M. Fowler, Gay, Mrs. Greene, Iago, W. P. James, Jop, John Lennie, Mrs. Lole, Madge, Martha, M. C. S. S., Mrs. Milne, Miss Moore, Lady Mottram, Peter, Polamar, Quis, Rand, George Randolph, Hon. R. G. Talbot, Thora, Tyro, C. J. Warden.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Barberry, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Bertram R. Carter, Miss Carter, Falcon, Glamis, Lilian, H. de R. Morgan, Rabbits, Rho Kappa, Shorwell. All others more.

CORRECTION.—ACROSTIC NO. 377: Mrs. Milne had only one Light wrong.

OUR TWENTY-EIGHTH QUARTERLY COMPETITION.—After the Sixth Round the following lead: Clam, N. O. Sellam; Met, Fossil, Sisyphus (1 down); Jeff (2); Chailey, Tyro, Yendu (3); Mrs. R. Brown, Mrs. J. Butler, Martha, A. E., Boskerris, G. W. Miller, Shorwell (4); Ceyx, Dhualt, Gay, E. Barrett, J. R. Cripps, Jop, Madge, C. J. Warden (5 down).

INSURANCE

ACCOUNTANTS AND LAWYERS

BY D. CAMERON FORRESTER

PROFESSIONAL men such as accountants and lawyers run the risk of becoming liable for damages as compensation and litigation expenses in respect of acts of negligence, defaults, or errors for which they, their partners, or their assistants may be responsible in the course of their practice. Such forms of lapse may not be discovered for some time, and may prove costly. Even when claims arise which can be successfully fought the price of vindication may be a serious charge on the resources of a firm.

*

Insurance indemnity against such risks can be obtained very reasonably. The method of rating varies, the most common being a premium per cent. on the amount insured, plus a *per capita* charge for each person—principal or assistant—covered. The general premium is 10s. per cent. with a *per capita* charge of from 2s. 6d. to 5s. Thus an accountant with three assistants, say, who insured a maximum of £4,000, with a limit of £2,000 on any one claim, would, at 10s. per cent. and 5s. per head, pay annually £20 premium and an extra £1—self and assistants at 5s. each—because the extra is a charge per person covered irrespective of the amount of policy, and not an additional premium.

*

Another and somewhat simpler method is to charge a flat rate per cent. for the policy with no *per capita* extra. For such policies there are two general rates of premium: 7s. 6d. per cent. and 12s. 6d. per cent. The difference in the rate lies in the period of "discovery" allowed under the policy. For instance, under the cheaper policy, effected yearly from, say, January 1 to December 31, if any claim arose as the result of an error or default "discovered" up to June 30 in the year following, it would be covered by the policy. Under the dearer form of policy "discovery" is covered during the entire currency of the policy. If it had been effected originally in 1926, for example, and a claim arose over a happening in that year, during the present year it would be covered. In other words, the policy is retrospective, and from that important point of view is worth the extra premium.

*

In the case of solicitors the possibility of claims arising is generally greater, and they may range from comparatively small sums for non-appearance or wrongful distress to really heavy damages in the case of a firm with a large conveyancing practice. As a rule the rate charged for indemnity is £1 per cent., without any *per capita* charge, and the persons covered are the principal, or partners, and managing clerks. Also the policyholders stand 25 per cent. of all claims. They are, however, allowed a much longer period for "discovery," in some cases six years from the original date of effecting the policy. Therefore, if a claim arose as the result of an error or default occurring three months after a policy was originally in force, but which was not "discovered" until five and a half years later, say, the policyholders would still be entitled to full indemnification.

20 July 1929



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LONDON, E.C.1

Reprinted from "THE TIMES," 8th June, 1929

STREET ACCIDENTS IN LONDON.

251 PERSONS KILLED IN THREE MONTHS.

A statement issued from New Scotland Yard yesterday shows that in the months of January, February, and March this year 22,416 street accidents to persons and property were recorded by the Metropolitan Police. As a result of these accidents 251 persons were killed and 9,205 were injured.

The largest number of fatal accidents, 96, occurred in the case of pedestrians crossing without due care, and 76 of these pedestrians were over 15 years of age. Twenty-one persons were killed as a result of hesitation, and 15 through passing between, behind, or in front of stationary vehicles. Ten drivers or occupants of vehicles lost their lives through collisions with other vehicles, and 13 pedal cyclists were killed in collisions. Trade and commercial mechanically propelled vehicles were involved in the death of 87 persons, and private motor-cars in the deaths of 81. There were no fatal accidents attributed to defective mechanism of either motor-cars or motor-cycles.

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